



THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
JUNE, 1776.

ACCOUNT of the DUCHESS of KINGSTON's TRIAL,
WESTMINSTER-HALL. (Concluded from page 199.)

LORD Barrington. My Lords, might I be allowed to say a word or two before I withdraw from this bar? It is impossible that any person can reverence this high Court, indeed any Court of Justice in this country, more than I do. It is not, my Lords, from contumacy, of which I am incapable. It is not with any view, or purpose, that any of your Lordships would disapprove as individuals, I am certain, that I have taken the part which I have done. I do not say that there are no cases in which a person ought not to reveal private conversation. There are cases, in my opinion, in which he should not; and, my Lords, no person can draw the line but himself. But, my Lords, I have recollected (I am obliged to the Counsel for the prosecution who are willing to admit me to withdraw; I return them my thanks; I dare say in that they have consulted my feelings as much as they could consistent with the duties of their station) but I have recollected, my Lords, since the generous manner in which the Duchess of Kingston has been pleased to absolve me from all ties, I have recollected that she said, she wished and desired that

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I might say any thing. If her Grace thinks, that any thing that I can say, consistent with truth, can tend to bring out the real state of this mysterious story, I am then ready to be examined.

Mr. Solicitor General. I do not desire to examine the noble Lord. I stated to your Lordships, that I do not think the cause, in which my duty engages me, will at all suffer by having deference to any difficulty that the noble Lord may entertain. I will not examine the noble Lord on the concession of the Lady at the bar. The noble Lord stands at your Lordships bar a witness. Having taken the oath, though I do not examine him, the prisoner may.

Mr. Wallace. At the same time that I express my astonishment at the offer, Lord Barrington is not called to the bar as a witness for the prisoner. The noble Lady at the bar has her witnesses in her turn to call, with which we shall trouble your Lordships.

Lord Radnor. I do not look on a witness at the bar, to be the witness of the Counsel, or of the prisoner, but the witness of the House, I shall therefore ask a question or two of the noble Lord. I will not distress the noble Lord's feelings by enquiring

enquiring into confidential matters. I will merely ask questions of fact. The first question I would ask the noble Lord is, whether he knows any fact by which he is convinced, that Mr. Hervey was married to Miss Chudleigh?

A. I do not know of any fact which will prove the marriage between the duchess of Kingston and Mr. Hervey, of my own knowledge.

Q. The noble lord must leave it to the house to judge whether it will or not. But does his lordship know any fact relative to that matter?

A. I do not know any thing of my own knowledge that can tend to prove that marriage. I know nothing but what I have heard in the world, and from conversation.

Lord Radnor. I am afraid your lordships, by your acquiescence, have admitted a rule of proceeding here, which would not be admitted in any inferior court in the kingdom. I desire, therefore, to ask the noble lord, whether he knows any thing that will prove the marriage of the earl of Bristol with the lady at the bar?

A. My lords, if I do, I cannot reveal it; nor I cannot answer the question without betraying private confidence.

Lord Radnor. My lords, I move to adjourn to the Chamber of Parliament.

(Adjourned to the Chamber of Parliament)

After an adjournment of some time, the lords returned to Westminster-hall.

Lord High Steward. My lord viscount Barrington, I am commanded by the lords to acquaint your lordship, that it is the judgment of this house, that you are bound by law to answer all such questions as shall be put to you. Has the counsel for the prosecution any question to put to the witness at the bar?

Solicitor General. We shall not ask the noble lord any questions.

Lord High Steward. Has the counsel for the prisoner any question to put to the witness at the bar?

Mr. Wallace. Not any.

Lord Radnor. Does the witness know from conversation with the lady at the bar, that she was married to the earl of Bristol?

A. My lords, I have already told your lordships the motives which induce me to think, that I cannot, consistent with conscience, with honour, or with probity, answer such questions as will tend to disclose confidential communications made to me. At the same time I informed your lordships, that if the oath went so far, as that I should break that oath if I did not

answer all questions which could be put to me; if that was the determination of your lordships, I said I would not break my oath. My lords, I continue in the same opinion and principle. My own judgment, as far as it guides me, which is very imperfectly, does tell me, that I am not obliged to answer all questions that can be put to me. But my lords, though nobody can draw the line of conscience, of honour, and of probity in this case but myself, yet in point of law, and in relation to interpretation of law, and the oath I have taken, I am desirous of assistance from those who can give it me, and I had much rather trust almost any man's judgment than my own. I do not dare to ask your lordships directions again, or your opinion on a point of that kind. But, my lords, might I be permitted to apply to the learned counsel who are near me? If it is the opinion of the learned counsel that I am obliged by my oath to answer the noble lord's question, I will readily answer it.

Lord Radnor. I apprehend that no question can be put in this court in a matter of law to the counsel at the bar.

Lord Barrington. My lords, I have put the question to the Attorney General, and I give him my thanks. He says, he thinks I am obliged, by my oath, to answer all questions. That being the case, I have nothing more to say, than humbly to beg your lordships pardon for having given you so much trouble, and to beg and intreat, that you will believe that nothing but the tenderest and strongest feelings, and the most determined resolutions to do what was right in my situation, could have induced me to give you so much trouble.

Lord Radnor. Whether his lordship knows from conversation with the lady at the bar, that she was married to the earl of Bristol?

A. My memory, I have found, by long experience, to be a very erroneous one; especially in regard to things past long ago. To the best of my memory and belief, the duchess has never honoured me with any conversation on that subject for many, many years past; I believe I might say for above twenty years past. And, my lords, that being the case, I must answer that question very doubtfully, because I cannot trust my own memory; but after having the solution which the learned counsel has given to my doubts, I mean not to conceal any thing from your lordships; thinking it right to be examined,
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I think it right to give frank answers; and any doubt in any thing I say will arise from my not remembering well the circumstance.

The duchess of Kingston may (I should not say too many if I was to say thirty) years ago did intrust me with a circumstance in her life, relative to an engagement of a matrimonial kind with the earl of Bristol, then Mr. Hervey. Whether it did amount to a marriage according to law; whether it was a good marriage or not; or whether there was any marriage at all, I really cannot pretend to say. As far as my memory serves me with relation to what she was pleased to communicate to me, I should, from ignorance of law and what is a good marriage in law, be doubtful. But the duchess did communicate to me, that a matrimonial engagement had passed between her and Mr. Hervey; but whether it amounted to a marriage or not, I am not lawyer or civilian enough to judge.

Q. That had passed.

A. She spoke of it as the engagement whatever it was, as of a trivial circumstance which had passed.

Q. Did his lordship ever understand that there was issue of that marriage?

A. Upon my word I cannot say. I do not know that that the duchess ever made any communication of that sort to me. I had heard of it in the world, but I do not know that the duchess ever communicated to me the circumstance of her having had issue.

Q. Does his lordship know any thing of a bond entered into on the part of the prisoner at the bar, of late years, relative to the suppression of evidence or the payment of costs of suit in the Ecclesiastical court?

A. I never had the least communication with the duchess of Kingston, or from any person relative to any thing of the kind. I do not recollect that I ever heard of any such thing, even in the world. And the duchess of Kingston has never communicated to me, in the course of her life, to the best of my memory or belief, any thing which was, at the time she was pleased to communicate it to me, in the least a deviation from the strictest rules of virtue, of morality, and of religion.

My lords it is too much to beg that what I have said at the bar may be read over to me; part of it is of a nice nature. I may have expressed myself improperly. The writer may have taken it down erroneously. I should be glad to have it read over to

me, that I may correct it in your lordship's presence.

Here the universal voice was, *Read, Read!* But lord Barrington spared the house the trouble, by addressing himself to their lordships as follows:

"My lords, I find by the clerk, that the part which is of the nicest kind, with relation to me, wherein I expressed the difficulties and feelings I had on the subject of questions that I thought I ought not to answer, and why, and on what ground, I have since thought it my duty understanding that my oath obliges me to it, to give my answers, I find, my lords, that part has not been taken down by the clerk, and therefore I shall give your lordship's no farther trouble."

His lordship having retired from the bar, Mrs. Judith Phillips was called to authenticate the register of the pretended marriage with Mr. Hervey.

Mrs. Judith Phillips. I was the widow of the Rev. Mr. Ames.—I remember the time when my husband married Mr. Hervey and the lady at the bar:—I was not present but heard him say so.—Sometime after she came down, and sent word to my house, she should be glad to wait upon me: I saw her; she asked me if I could not get my husband to give her a certificate of her marriage, producing at the same time a piece of parchment, written upon, with a stamp:—I said I thought he would:—however, Mr. M——, who was with her, said she had better consult his attorney from Worcester, whether that would be the best way; accordingly the attorney was sent for; he advised a register book to be bought, and for my husband to enter the marriage in that book along with some burials that had lately happened in the parish—[book produced]—that is the book, and the handwriting of my late husband.

(Cross Examination)

Counsel. By what means do you live?—*By my own private fortune.*—Who are you married to now?—*A grazier, who lives at Bristol.*—Was not your present husband steward to the late duke of Kingston?—*He was.*—Was he not discharged by him?—*No: he thought the duke looked cool upon him, and therefore wrote a letter and discharged himself.*—Where do you live now in town?—*At various places.*—Where generally?—*At the Turf Coffee-house.*—Who do you understand is to pay your expences there?—*That I don't know.* Don't you know that Mr. Meadows, the

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prosecutor

prosecutor is?—*I do not.*—How often have you seen Mr. Meadows there?—*Twice or three times at the house—frequently in the yard.*—Did he never make you any promise of reward for your services?—*Never.*—Did you never see him at Mr. Fossard's in Piccadilly?—*Once on Christmas-day last by accident.*

Withdrew.

A clergyman was sworn who knew the hand-writing, and identified the register.

Another witness produced the register-book of St. George's, Hanover-square, from which the clerk read the register of the marriage (on the 8th of March 1769) of the late duke of Kingston with the prisoner, who was there described as a spinster.

The Rev. Mr. Harper, who married them, was also sworn, and confirmed the register.

Mr. Dunning then informed their lordships, that they had gone through such evidence as they thought it necessary to adduce;—upon which the lord high steward adjourned the court to the chamber of parliament.

As soon as their lordships were all there, the lord high steward acquainted the House, that he had been desired by the prisoner to ask an indulgence, which was, to go on Sunday to consult Dr. Collier; their lordships consented, at the same time giving directions for the black rod to take proper care of his prisoner. The further proceeding on the trial was then put off till Monday morning at ten o'clock.

Monday April 22. As soon as the court met, the lord high steward desired Mr. Attorney-General to proceed in the examination of witnesses in behalf of the prosecution.—Mr. attorney informed his grace that the evidence at his side was closed.

His grace then called on the prisoner at the bar to make her defence. The duchess of Kingston accordingly read out a paper which she held in her hand, a very long detail of facts relative to her birth, family, fortune, connections with Mr. Hervey, and her marriage with the duke of Kingston. It was very full of matter, forming as well a kind of justification of her whole life and conversation since her first entrance on the public stage, as an implied denial, and a variety of extenuating circumstances respecting the charge now made.—Some of the most remarkable of those were, that if she had not the strongest desire of paying due obedience to the

laws, she might have continued in Rome; that it might be urged that it was the fear of an outlawry which compelled her to come home, lest she should, by avoiding justice, forfeit her fortune; but that could not be the case, when she could assure their lordships, that at the time when she encountered the danger of the seas, and came from Italy at the hazard of her life, she had above seventy thousand pounds lodged with her banker, besides three thousand pounds of an open account; that if she had acted wrong, she had done it without design, and in the fullest confidence that she was acting right; that on her marriage with the duke of Kingston their M^{ties} approved of it, and gave her very gracious marks of countenance and approbation; that her mistress, whom she had served for so many years, the late Princess Dowager of Wales, was no stranger to the circumstances attending her situation; yet as well before as after her marriage with the late duke of Kingston, she continued to give her royal protection and support; that before she ventured to take the step which was the cause of the present prosecution, she took care to consult the most Rev. P^{te} who presided on that bench (meaning the B^{ench}); that she sent a message to him by Doctor Collier, whom she consulted all along in this business; that his grace begged to take some time to consider of it, and when Dr. Collier again waited on him, his G^{race} was pleased to tell Doctor Collier, that in his opinion she was a single woman, and might marry again; that in confirmation of his sentiments thus declared, his G^{race} granted a special licence, under which licence she was married to her late husband the duke of Kingston; that under such a great and respectable authority, and the repeated assurances of Doctor Collier, that she was a single woman, she was married; and that if she did wrong, or that their lordships were inclined to be of that opinion, she trusted that the notoriety of her marriage, and those circumstances alluded to, would be the fullest evidence, that whatever happened was the mere effect of error and mistaken advice.

As soon as she had finished her defence, several lords called out to have it read by the clerk at the table; and an officer was proceeding to obey their order, but a more numerous party of the peers saying, "no, no," it was not read.

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The prisoner then again rose and informed the court, that Doctor Collier of the Commons, was the civilian, whose advice she had taken; that he had from the first told her, that a sentence in the Ecclesiastical Court was immovable, and a positive bar to all future proceedings; that he repeatedly urged the validity of it to the noble duke her deceased husband, as well as to her; and that it was on the strength of this assurance that the marriage at St. George's, Hanover-square, was solemnized. She said she felt a material loss in not being able to summon Dr. Collier as a witness, to prove these assertions; but he had for some months been confined by the gout, and was now so much indisposed, that he could not possibly leave his chamber.

A short debate here took place among the peers, one or two of whom were for sending to Dr. Collier, and taking down his deposition in writing, before proper witnesses, as they thought the prisoner ought not to lose the benefit of his evidence.

The Lord High Steward said he never yet heard of such a mode of examining witnesses in a cause of a criminal nature.

Some other lords, who were not of the learned profession, nevertheless again urged the gross injustice of depriving the prisoner of the benefit of a witness, who, in all probability, would be of more service to her than any other she could call; and therefore said, as it could injure no one, they saw no reason why Dr. Collier's testimony should not be obtained in the best manner that circumstances would allow.

Lord Camden, upon this, very warmly argued against the measure proposed, and shewed the bad effect of such a precedent in the most obvious colours. He said, in all his practice as a lawyer; in all his reading of law-books; and in all his conversation upon law matters, he never yet either met with, read, or heard of such a mode of examining witnesses, where the lives, liberties, and properties of the persons tried were at stake. He begged their lordships to consider the glorious mode of trial established by our ancestors, whose wisdom and justice in that particular could not be enough admired. As ancient custom stood, no evidence against a prisoner charged with an offence (the conviction upon which charge was likely to affect either life, liberty, or property) could be admitted but what was given

viva voce in open court, in the face of the party accused, and where the witness stood liable to the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel. How unjust then was the idea of breaking through this established usage, and sinking a public court of justice into a petty, private chamber, where the witness was to be heard only before a few persons, and they perhaps not fit judges of the question proposed, or the answers given! His lordship said, he did not by any means wish to deprive the prisoner of the benefit of Dr. Collier's evidence, but that he would not give his consent to the admission of Dr. Collier's evidence in an unconstitutional manner. If the Doctor was indisposed, means might nevertheless be contrived for the bringing him into court, and their lordships would doubtless, from motives of humanity, consent to every proper measure likely to render the Doctor's presence as convenient and easy to himself as possible. He might be brought into court in any part of the cause, and their lordships would hear him, though his testimony might not be given in the regular course of evidence.

Dr. Warren was sworn, and deposed, that Dr. Collier was so loathed with infirmity, that he could not possibly leave his chamber.

A letter was produced, written by Mr. Phillips in 1771, to the duke of Kingston; his wife was examined on Saturday. The letter declared great sorrow for having disobliged his grace, and disclaiming the reports which were propagated respecting his wife's (formerly Mrs. Ames, the parson's wife) intention of disclosing any thing relating to the duchess's marriage with Mr. Hervey. The effect of this letter was to take off from the credit of Mrs. Phillips's testimony, who swore on Saturday that her husband was not turned off by the duke, but had left his grace's service in the capacity of steward, purely at his own request.

Mr. Berkeley, an attorney, was set to the bar, upon a short debate entered on the property of examining him. It was settled by Lord Mansfield's declaring, that neither a counsel nor an attorney had any right to conceal facts that were real matter of evidence, but that if either party swore such a witness, they would remember he was liable to cross-examination.

Mr.

Mr. Berkeley was then sworn, and interrogated by the counsel on both sides, relative to his being employed to procure evidence. His evidence established nothing of great importance to either side.

Anne Pritchard was called to the book, and, being sworn, underwent a long examination, the purport of which was no more than a conversation which passed between her and Mrs. Cradock, the old woman examined on Friday evening and Saturday morning, in which the latter declared, that she was not present at the marriage, or did not hear the ceremony performed. On cross-examination, it came out, that what Mrs. Cradock said, was, that she was not near enough to hear the ceremony read, though she was in the church or chapel.

Lord D. asked how she came first to know the prisoner. She replied, "she was sent for to Kingston-house to visit the housekeeper, and that she was then introduced to the prisoner."

James La Roche, esq; was next examined. His evidence went chiefly to confirm that part of the prisoner's defence, in which she had asserted, that Dr. Collier positively assured both the deceased duke of Kingston and herself, that the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court was final and conclusive. Mr. La Roche was cross-examined by Mr. Dunning, and while he was answering the questions put to him by that counsel, the prisoner fell into a fit, and was obliged to be carried out of court; after remaining in her room twenty minutes, she was again brought to the bar, and a few more questions were asked Mr. La Roche; after which

Mr. Wallace informed the court he had no more witnesses to examine.

The Solicitor General then concisely observed that the several facts stated by his learned leader on his opening upon the indictment on Friday last, had, he trusted, being fully proved by the witnesses, who had been called on the part of the prosecution, and as the evidence, adduced by the counsel for the prisoner, had by no means invalidated a single circumstance alledged by those who gave their evidence on Friday and Saturday, he thought it unnecessary to trouble their lordships any further, but submitted the whole to them, relying with perfect confidence on their known wisdom and honour, which would necessarily incline them to give a just and impartial verdict.

The Lord High Steward immediately adjourned the court to the chamber of parliament.

As soon as their lordships were all seated, Lord Coventry proposed to put another question to the judges, but Lord Mansfield rose and explained the matter, shewing the impropriety and unnecessary of such a measure; it therefore passed in the negative.

Lord Mansfield then moved, that the following question be put by the lord high steward to every peer in the court.

"Is the prisoner *guilty* of the felony whereof she stands indicted, or *not guilty*?"

Their lordships immediately returned in the usual procession to the court, when the lord high steward taking his seat in the chair close to the state, said, "their lordships had determined that he should question each peer as to his opinion in court, in the absence of the prisoner, beginning with the junior baron; and having gone through the peerage, should call the prisoner into court, and inform her of the determination of their lordships." He accordingly began thus:

"John Lord Sundridge; how says your lordship, is the prisoner *guilty* of the felony whereof she stands indicted, or *not guilty*?"

To which his lordship replied,

"*Guiltily* upon my honour."

To the same question all the peers replied in the same words except the duke of Newcastle, who said,

"*Guiltily erroneously* but not *intentionally*, upon my honour."

The prisoner was then called in, and the lord high steward told her, that their lordships had heard the arguments of the counsel on both sides, and the facts alledged against her, that they had considered the whole, and had found her *guilty* of the felony whereof she stood indicted; he desired therefore to know what she had to offer, that judgment should not be pronounced against her.

She delivered a paper, which was handed to the clerk, and read at the table; the words of it were these:

"I pray the benefit of the peerage agreeable to the statute."

The Lord High Steward asked the attorney-general what objection he had to the prisoner's obtaining the matter prayed for by her.

The Attorney-General entered into a minute disquisition of the nature of such trials,

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trials, and the meanings of the several statutes which gave a peer a power to plead his privilege as an exemption from *burning in the hand and imprisonment*, the customary punishment of persons convicted of a clergyable felony; and after taking a copious review of all the acts passed relative to such matters, and the various precedents founded on them, asserted that the prisoner had no right to such privilege; that only peers in parliament were described as being intitled to their privilege on such occasions, and that there was no case upon the books which mentioned that a peeress had been indulged with it.

Mr. Wallace replied, and took great pains to shew that the prisoner was intitled to what she prayed, and that it was customary for that court always to grant it to persons of her rank.

Mr. Mansfield also followed Mr. Wallace on the same ground, arguing the injustice of rendering the prisoner liable to a more cruel and severe punishment than a man convicted of the same offence, merely because she was a woman.

The Attorney-General, in answer, repeated the words of several acts of parliament on the subject, and having noticed that the counsel on the other side did not offer a hint of a precedent for the privilege prayed for being granted to any person but a peer of parliament, insisted upon it that their lordships, sitting as judges in a court of justice, were bound by the laws of the realm; that they had it not in their power to consult their own passions, to which the learned gentlemen, who replied to him, had appealed; but that they ought to keep close to the letter of the statutes, which expressly directed, that any other person, except a lord of parliament, tried by that court, and convicted of a clergyable felony, should undergo the usual purgation.

The lord high steward adjourned the court to the chamber of parliament, where Lord Camden and Lord Mansfield both spoke upon the subject, and it was settled that the prisoner's prayer should be granted. Their lordships then returned in the usual form to the court, where having taken their places, the lord high steward told the prisoner, that "their lordships had deliberated on what had been urged by the counsel, and had agreed to indulge her with the privilege she prayed for. Little or no punishment could therefore now be inflicted on her,

but that the feelings of her own conscience would supply that defect; and as a further piece of advice, he had to inform her, that if she was hereafter convicted of any clergyable offence, she must not again expect the indulgence she had now received; but that which was only clergyable in another, would be a capital offence in her. She might now be discharged on paying her fees." She was accordingly taken from the bar, and the serjeant at arms proclaimed as follows:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez. All manner of persons who have attended this trial, are commanded to return home in the peace of God, and our sovereign lord the king, as the lord high steward will now dissolve his commission."

The lord high steward immediately broke his wand, and the court rose.

HALI: Or, The bad consequences of RASHNESS.

Embellished with a curious Copper Plate.

HALI the son of sorrow relates the history of his feelings, as a beacon to give light to the simple, and warn the sons of the prophets from precipitating themselves into an abyss which knows no bottom. Listen to the words of his mouth with profound reverence, and engrave his sentiments on the tablet of your hearts.

In the reign of Alraclhid, whose fame still lives in the book of memory; I Hali, was blessed with a daughter, whose beauty was equal to that of the Houris; whose learning exceeded that of the most studious dervise, and whose sweetness of temper was more attracting than the eyes of the morning, or the rosy blush of the day. O Prophet, was it thy will to blend so much excellency with so much weakness, and is the cup of joy always mixed with the bitters of grief!—Achmet, the son of Solyman saw Arpasia, and drank in love by the avenue of his eyes. He begged her of his slave, he obtained a compliance which I durst not decline, and conducted her to his Haram.

But Arpasia had already bestowed her heart upon Mahmoud.—She listened not to the enchanting accents of conjugal ardour, and refused to solemnize those rites which matrimony demands. The force was beneath the sublimity of Achmet's soul; he endeavoured to conquer by blandishments. But vain was the attempt. Arpasia was still more obdurate than

than the rocks, more cold than the snow ; which whitens the brow of the loftiest mountain. Achmet tired with the fruitless endeavour, suffered jealousy to steal her snakes into his bosom, and envy seconded with her poisoned stings, the wounds which the snakes of jealousy had given. He breathed his furies into the bosom of Amurah, who blew the coals of discontent, and undertook to trace out the cause of Arpasia's coldness, pre-determined to deprive her of her life at all events.

Mahmoud soon gave him the opportunity he wished for. Mahmoud, no longer able to subsist without her, who was the essence of his happiness, determined to force a passage to his love. After revolving in his mind a thousand stratagems, he concluded with saying, force is impeded by impossibility, but artifice can find an avenue which strength cannot force. He disguised himself, in the dress of a gardener, and by that means got access to the garden, where Arpasia used daily to shed the tears of despair. He found her bedewed with the pearly drops of woe. He re-echoed her sighs so loudly, that he attracted her notice. "Why dost thou utter thy plaints in the voice of woe, son of the Prophet?" Said she to Mahmoud.

"Mahmoud must smother that which safety will not suffer him to reveal—Mahmoud hath lost the olive of content, and bears in his bosom the arrows of torture. His breast is transfix'd with the sharpest shafts in the quiver of misfortune—and silence hath closed his lips with her seal."

With these accents which faultered on his tongue, he quitted Arpasia with all the precipitation of abruptness, she now was plunged in the depths of astonishment, and found herself in the labyrinth of perplexity.

Amurah had beheld this interview from the roof of the palace. Eagerness gave wings to his feet, and in a moment he appeared before Achmet to communicate to him the discoveries of chance. Tho' surrounded with his court, he ordered Arpasia into his presence, and dispatched a messenger to me to repair to him without a moment's delay. When I entered his apartment, I beheld my daughter trembling with the agonies of disdain, and Achmet pouring forth the bitterest accents of reproach. She increased his anger by treating his allegations as falsehoods ; and worked him up to such a pitch of rage, that he drew his cymeter with an intent to

have struck off her head ; but while he was aiming his blow, she stabbed him with a poignard, which she had provided herself with to prevent his forcing from her those endearments which she reserved for Mahmoud.

This scene so far triumphed over my reason, that I gave up the reigns to my passion, and snatching the cymeter which Achmet had dropped, I offered up that victim, which paternal affection should have urged me to preserve.

Since this catastrophe, grief has preyed upon my heart : And I am convinced that inconsideration and rashness are the paths which lead directly to the house of Grief.

ANECDOTES of the late EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, Esq;

THE celebrated *Edward Wortley Montague, Esq;* died on his return from Venice to England. As this gentleman was remarkable for the uncommon incidents which attended his life, the close of that life was no less marked with singularity. He had been early married to a woman, who aspired to no higher a character than that of an indutrious washerwoman. As the marriage was solemnized in a frolick, Wortley never deemed her sufficiently the wife of his bosom to cohabit with her. She was allowed a maintenance. She lived contented, and was too submissive to be troublesome on account of the conjugal rites. Mr. Montague, on the other hand, was a perfect patriarch in his manners. He had wives of almost every nation. When he was with Ali Bey in Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females ; each striving who should be the happy she, who could gain the greatest ascendancy over this Anglo-Eastern Bashaw. At Constantinople, the Grecian women had charms to captivate this unsettled wanderer. In Spain, a Spanish Brunette ; in Italy, the olive-complexioned female, were solicited to partake the honours of the bridal bed. It may be asked what became of this group of wives ? Mr. Montague was continually shifting the place, and consequently varying the scene. Did he travel with his wives, as the patriarchs did with their flocks and herds ? No such thing. Wortley, considering his wives as bad travelling companions, generally

generally left them behind him. It happened, however, that news reached his ears of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman. Wortley had no issue by her, and without issue male a very large estate would revert to the second son of Lord Bute. Wortley, owing the family no obligations, was determined, if possible, to defeat their expectations. He resolved to return to England and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and he commissioned that friend to advertise for any decent woman, who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted very lately in one of the morning papers. Several ladies answered it. One out of the number was selected, as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom; but, behold, whilst he was on his journey, Death very impertinently arrested him in his career. Thus ended the days of *Edward Wortley Montague, Esq;* a man who had passed through such variegated scenes, that a bare recital of them would favour of the marvellous. From Westminster-school, wherein he was placed for education, he ran away three several times. He exchanged cloaths with a chimney-sweeper, and he followed for some time that sooty occupation. He next joined himself to a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe. He then sailed as a cabin-boy to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules. After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the Consul, who returned him to his friends in England. They received him with a joy equal to that of the father of the prodigal son in the Gospel. A private tutor was employed to recover those rudiments of learning which a life of dissipation, of blackguardism, and of vulgarity, might have obliterated. Wortley was sent to the West-Indies, where he remained some time, then returned to England, acted according to the dignity of his birth, was chosen a member, and served in two successive parliaments. His expences exceeding his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued to the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine; a great

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deal of coffee; wore a long beard, smoked much; and even whilst at Venice, he was habited in the eastern style. He sat cross-legged in the Turkish fashion, through choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces. One on the "Rise and fall of the Roman Empire." Another an exploration of "The Causes of Earthquakes." He had great natural abilities, a vast share of acquired knowledge. He had scarcely a single vice—for he is dead. That he had virtues to counterbalance his failings, Omniscience will discover, when weighing them in the scale of merit. Infinite mercy will take care that the beam shall preponderate in favour of his future happiness.

[*West. Mag.*]

Prefatory Introduction to a CRITICAL ILLUSTRATION of the "ALL FOR LOVE, OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST" of DRYDEN.

Sine me dare Lumina. OVID MET.

Permit me to illustrate:

WHEN I consider the infinity of beauties this piece possesses, the variety of poetical embellishments, the numerous assemblages of the Muses and the Graces, the justly-heightened excellencies of the respective characters, the sentiments and pathos it contains, and the distresses of the lovers painted in such strong and exquisite colours; I reflect with astonishment on the cool, disingenuous treatment it has met with. How strange! that all the poetry, all the fire, all the harmonious numbers, and all the energetic strains, the "Great High Priest of all the Nine" was so eminently master of, should be thrust aside for the insipid, disgusting *Farrago* of modern *Playwrights*—Hurt at the neglect so noble a master-piece undeservedly receives, I have taken up the pen to vindicate it from the contempt it labours under, and to display, as much as I possibly can, his beauties and sublimity to the discerning eye of the intelligent reader. I shall proceed, in this essay, to offer some observations necessary to the commencement of my critique, which will make its appearance in a subsequent number.

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When men of genius, learning and poetical abilities, reflect that the works they are going to undertake have been before attempted, and succeeded in by immortal predecessors, instead of being in the least disconcerted at the thought, or intimidated at the apprehension, it serves to inspire them with a more ardent zeal, and actuate them to the prosecution of their resolves. For they consider, that as in any trade, the poor, laborious mechanic may, by unwearied application, better the invention of the original artist, in some trifling respect, and by a lucky stroke discover some mystery in that branch unrevealed before; so in Poetry, those who are not so immediately under the influence of the Muses, may, in the course of their subjects, introduce some new thoughts, some striking poetical similes, some impassioned strains; some glowing expressions, some secret workings-up in the catastrophe, which may prove grand and affecting. This Dryden knew, and this induced him to select the same story with, and imitate the style of, his master Shakspeare; and, on the whole, to produce a tragedy evidently superior in those three requisites, so absolutely necessary to its formation and completion, *plot, character, and style.*

Shakspeare's production is, like his genius, wild and eccentric; in one moment, his scene is in Rome, in another at Athens; now in Egypt, and now in Parthia. He with consummate imprudence, represents the battle of Actium as taking place in the course of his piece, and which (how expeditious were the warriors of those days!) is no sooner begun than terminated. Dryden, with all the judgment of the critic, makes his play commence after the shameful defeat of Antony: He represents his hero as immersed in the idle gratification of unsubstantial, fleeting pleasures; cooped up in Alexandria with his mistress Cleopatra, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;" neglecting the duties of the general and the warrior; thinking no more that he was born for empire, or that he was a competitor for the world. Antony is the Hero of Dryden; Cæsar, Pompey, and Enobarbus, are as much the objects of Shakspeare's muse as the professed one.

I cannot here help taking notice of the elevated character of the noble minded Ventidius; his actions, (as told in narrative), before the piece, evince his greatness of soul, magnanimity in action, and

heroism complete. His speeches are truly noble, generous, plain, and sententious; his dissuading Antony from an indulgence of his passions, his rousing him to triumph in the field of Mars, and his death, are in every respect worthy Roman perseverance and Roman fortitude.

To this character Shakspeare (confined to the present tragedy) can produce nothing adequate or similar. His Enobarbus is very much inferior, and indeed ought not to be mentioned with the other illustrious personage; as if mentioned, it only serves to evince its inferiority, in a more absolute and perspicuous manner. But as I proceed offering up my remarks on the beauties of Dryden's performances I shall be tempted to enter into a more minute investigation and comparison of the abilities of these justly celebrated Poets.

[*West. Mag.*]

M O M U S: or, The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The Fatigues of Pleasure.

CALLING upon an acquaintance of mine a few mornings ago, who lately married a country lady, I heard his voice very loud before I got a sight of his face. I not only heard him call his people about him with vociferation, but send up a volley of words from the foot of the stairs to his wife, in the delivery of which he convinced me that he had the lungs of a Stentor.—"Come down, Nancy, I say: will you never leave your dressing-room? How do you think we can possibly find time to go to all these places unless you make more haste?" He then stepped forward to meet me in the hall, shook me by the hand, and hurried back to the bottom of the stairs, "Come, come, my dear, prythee make haste, here is Mr. Momus."

To this second summons the following answer was very feebly articulated—"I am coming presently!"

"Presently!" replied he, with precipitation; "Presently won't do, child; we shall be too late; you must come this minute."

Here, finding him silent, rather from want of breath than want of inclination, I seized the favourable instant to ask him, whither he was going in such a hurry.

"To

"To twenty places at once," said he. —"We are to meet a party at *Christie's*; from thence we are to go to *Lever's*, calling at all the exhibitions which lie in our way; then, if we have time, we are to take an airing in Hyde-park, and a turn in Kensington Gardens; we are then to dress, and dine with a friend who is to carry us to see Garrick (for the last time, perhaps) in a capital character: we shall then go to Ranelagh, walk a few rounds, return home to dress for Mrs. Cornely's masked ball, dance a cotillon, toss down some iced cream, and conclude the evening in a comfortable manner at the *Cassino*."

"Upon my word," replied I, "this is doing business, and your lady is a very happy woman in finding you so ready to let her see every thing."

"Why, you must know, my dear Sir, I hurry her about in this manner, that she may by seeing every thing, have, in a little while, nothing more to see: I hope, at least, that she will be cured of the desire to see anything more. As she has (what I call) an inordinate passion for sights, it is my scheme to give her eyes a surfeit, to wear her down with the *fatigues of pleasure*, and to make her, merely from an inability to keep up the spirited life of a woman of fashion, in this gay, giddy town, wish as earnestly to return to the old mansion-house in Monmouthshire, as ever she did to quit it, fired with the accounts which she heard from some female *better-shelters* in my neighbourhood, of the joys of London, of which she had no idea when I married her: and, between you and I, if I had foreseen the change in her disposition, in consequence of her *fashionable connections*, I believe I should not have thought of her for a wife. Could I but make her heartily weary of London, and all its intoxicating diversions; could I but make her again satisfied with the calm pleasures of domestication, I should again be the happiest of husbands.—

Here he broke off abruptly, for the lady, of whom he had been so feelingly talking, made her appearance upon the stairs. She seemed, by the slowness of her motions, to be hardly able to set one foot before the other; and looked indeed as if she would soon be unfit for any sublimity enjoyments.

My friend, however, affecting not to observe her, exclaimed hastily—"Come,

come, my dear, how can you loiter so, when you know we have so much to do."

"Bless me, Mr. —," replied the lady, upon her entrance into the parlour, almost breathless, "why will you hurry me so? If there is no time, I will stay at home to-day."

"Stay at home!" replied he briskly, "when we have fixed our party, and promised to meet our friends?"

"I must indeed," said she, "for I have such a head-ach—and indeed, Sir," continued she, (addressing herself to me) "we did not come home from a dance at Lady Frolick's till half past five this morning; so that I am really half-dead for want of rest. If you please therefore," added she, turning to her husband, "I will stay at home. You can go without me."

By the paleness of the lady's looks, by the mildness of her manner, and by the earnestness with which she articulated her request to stay at home—(a request of a singular nature from the lips of a modern woman of taste) I could not help feeling myself strongly inclined to speak in her behalf: I actually began to plead for her—but my friend only laughed at me for my pains.—"If I let her off now," said he, (in a whisper) "she will want to go most eagerly at some other time. It is very plain," continued he, "that you have never been married, and are totally, unacquainted with the artifices of the sex or you would with half an eye have seen through all this."

"Why," replied I, in the same low key, "I do see that she is almost worn to a skeleton, and that you will in a little while want no carriage for her but an hearse."

"Pshaw!" cried he, "that's your ignorance: you never knew a woman die of *pleasure* in your life; they pretend to be sick, indeed, and make a great fuss; but the moment they begin to recover, they want to go abroad again and again. Now what I wish at present, is so thoroughly to satiate my gentlewoman, that she may not have the least desire to see London any more. In short, there is no peace with a woman till you have made her quite tired of seeing and hearing.—And so, Tom," concluded he, with a raised voice, calling to his coachman, "draw up close to the door. Your lady is so fatigued she can hardly walk to it."

Having assisted my friend in placing his lady in the carriage, I seated myself by her,

her, at his request, as he had desired me to accompany them to *Christie's*. There soon after we had dragged our fatigued companion up stairs, my friend hurried her from one end of the room to the other with—"Look here Nancy,—see there, my dear," till she intreated him to let her sit down. On his leaving her, at last, to speak to a gentleman of his acquaintance, she availed herself of his withdrawing to open her heart, and to state her case to me. "Mr. D—," said she, "is one of the best-natured men in the world, and the most generous of husbands. He grudges no expence, he spares no trouble to entertain me, as he thinks, by carrying me about from one place to another; but there are so many fine things to be seen in London, that I am weary of going after them, and believe that I shall be harassed out of my life, if we stay much longer here."

"You would be glad then, madam," replied I, "to return to the old family-seat, without desiring to come up again?"

"I would indeed, Sir," answered she; "but though I have begged Mr. D— on my knees, to take me down into the country, he has refused me; still however, with so much good-nature, telling me that he was willing I should see every thing first, that I could not have the heart to be angry at what was meant to please me: yet, if you could only make him believe me to be in earnest when I intreat him to carry me to Monmouthshire, I shall be vastly obliged to you."

I told her, I would certainly try; then going to my friend, and telling him that Mrs. D— was taken ill, we returned to the carriage. There I related to him what had passed between us during his absence. "My dearest girl," replied he, if you are really sincere, we will set off to-morrow morning." "How could you think me otherwise?" said she with winning accents. "I'll tell you, chick," answered he: "having seen half the women in town, especially the married women, mad after diversions of one kind or other, not only from morning to night, but from night to morning again; having seen the Countess of —, Lady —, Mrs. —, and Miss — ruining their constitutions and injuring their characters, by hurrying from place to place, in search of *Happiness* (who flies from those who pursue her abroad, and only visits those who wait patiently for her at home) having been well assured also, that a late ce-

lebrated beauty in a distinguished style of life absolutely died a martyr to *pleasure* and to *paint*; how could I be certain that my Nancy might not copy the manners of the least amiable of her sex, from the prevailing influence of *imitation*? Desirous, therefore, of trying an experiment of my own, whether you would follow the above examples, and others of the same kind, I had recourse to a stratagem from which I promised myself success, and I have succeeded agreeably to my utmost wishes:—I am now the happiest of men."

The lady's reply was of such a nature, that it rendered her doubly amiable in the eyes of her transported husband: they drove home immediately, sent apologizing cards to those friends with whom they had schemed their operations for *that day*, and set off for Monmouthshire the next morning, as contented a couple as can possibly be in any part of his majesty's dominions—*America* not excepted.

[*Westm. Mag.*]

MEMOIRS of a STROLLING LIMNER.

FaGo virumque cano.

MR. R—s. the facetious hero of this biography, is not one of those first-rate artists who, like Homer, will divide the judgment of posterity about the place of his nativity: Thetford lays a just claim to the unrivalled honour of having him recorded amongst its most ingenious townsmen.

Young R—s sprung from an humble stock, who, content with the state of life allotted to our first parents after their fall, had been reared up in the most servile employment. These ignoble toils did not suit our hero's genius. Ambitious to soar above his original designation, which was that of a tapster at an alehouse noted for good beer, and resorted to by all the punsters in the neighbourhood, he scorned to be indentured as a menial servant, as in that low capacity he would have been precluded from the fun and merriment of the select club, who had the exclusive privilege of sitting in the parlour, but assisted as a volunteer whenever the landlord wanted a supernumerary assistant. The publican, who was a staunch patriot, had fixed upon the sign of the Pitt's Head, when that minister was in the zenith of his

his popularity, instead of the King's Arms, by which his house had been formerly denoted. The most eminent sign painter from Norwich was engaged to display his own talents and the great Commoner to public admiration. With a good share of effrontery, and little skill as a mechanic, he thought himself intitled to the respect due to a man of a liberal profession. The deputy tapster, who had by the mere impulse of his imagination daubed some grotesque figures in crayons, sought for an opportunity to improve himself by the manner of this great master, but he could get no admittance into the room, where our Pitt was to undergo a strange disfigurement. However, R—s found means one afternoon, when the painter was drinking more freely than usual with his employer, to get into this repository; and having made a rough draught of this vile portraiture, he was interrupted in the survey he had begun to make of the colours used in the drapery, by the unexpected and unwelcome return of the brutal artist, who kicked out of the door his faithful copyist. This cruel treatment equally stimulated our hero's anger and his emulation. From this instant he left the tap-house, and applied himself so closely to the study of design, that before he had attained his eighteenth year, he drew the equestrian picture of the Marquis of Granby, for the sign of a public house in the market-place at Thetford, which remains still a monument of his resentment and presumption; and this first essay was esteemed by the connoisseurs at least equal to the Pitt's Head.

As nobody is a prophet in his own country, divers capital drawings of white and black horses, swans, lions, and heads of several great personages, exhibited in Thetford and its environs, exposed him to the shafts of envy and criticism. He left in disgust this ungrateful place, and carried on his back his valuable collection of these bold designs, after which he copied most of the modern signs in the vicinity of Bury, St. Edmund, and Newmarket. He offered to the Jockey-club of this last place his select paintings of grooms, hounds, and race-horses; which ridiculous exhibition procured him three guineas, on condition that he should never more expose again such inimitable pieces to public view.

With this sum R—s proceeded to Cambridge, confident that a man of his

exquisite taste could not fail of meeting with proper encouragement in that seat of the muses. There he uttered the following pompous advertisement to the public.

"R—s, historical, landscape, and portrait painter, gives notice to all the lovers of the fine arts, that he has fixed his residence in this town, where any gentleman or lady, who will be pleased to give a full exertion to his talents, may be satisfied of the great proficiency he has made both in the practice and theory of his profession. He is to be spoken to at the sign of the Three Wrestlers betwixt nine and two."—Though the obscurity of the place of his abode did not tally well with this empirical advertisement, curiosity led some students of the university as well as young tradesmen of the town, to the lodging of our artist. The walls of his room, covered with a medley of the most contemptible drawings and pictures intended for a representation of either men or women, houses, trees, and animals, giving these gentlemen a sufficient idea of the wild imagination of the painter, they damn'd the performer and his works, equally offended at his imposition, and ashamed of their own credulity.

Mr. R—s did not appear in the least discomposed by this gross insult, which, philosopher-like, he retaliated with a contemptuous smile. However, some collegians and lawyers clerks tried his skill as a limner; and several apprentices to milliners and mantua-makers, in Cambridge were drawn in miniature, for the moderate sum of five shillings a head. Being thus grown into repute, and patronized by the cooks and butlers of colleges, our hero was admitted an honorary member of the musical society, which consisted of scurvy players on the violin, quibblers, songsters, and young fellows who rehearsed occasionally, in an unintelligible dialect and an invariable monotony, farces and tragedies. Mr. R—s, who had not the talent to talk in heroics, acted his part as a keen jester and a jovial pot companion. He ingratiated himself into the affections of a respectable member of the club, a brewer, and a captain in the militia, who raised a subscription of fifty shillings on the mirthful band, to have Apollo and the nine muses painted in fresco in their concert-room. This is indeed the master-piece of Mr. R—s, painted in the manner of the school of Thetford. To speak the truth, however,

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he was assisted in the drapery, which is a mixture of all the colours of an harlequin habit, by a limner of Lynn, whose pupil he had been in historical paintings.

Our hero's fame being now founded in all the barbers shops and alehouses within the precincts of Cambridge, he next indulged his taste for convivial tippling, and never took the pencil in hand, but when compelled to it to discharge his reckoning. At last he hired a private room for the exhibition of some wretched pictures, either borrowed from his friends or executed by himself; and of those a young attorney got possession, as a security for the money he had lent to his fellow punster.

When fortune began to frown upon our artist at Cambridge, considering himself as a citizen of the world, he removed to the city of Ely, where he took up his quarters with a publican, who, unluckily for him, was a brother maçon, and who had a decayed sign, and a siter-in-law equally fond of good artists and a cheerful glass. Mr. R—s, who was initiated into the myteries of the fraternity, decorated the great room with all the emblems of the order, painted a new sign intended for the queen's head, drank and toyed with the amorous widow, and lived at discretion on account of the masterly strokes of his pencil. Trusting to his reputation, the hand-bills which he caused to be distributed gave only notice, "that R—s, limner and painter in fresco, flattered himself he should give satisfaction to all persons of rank and dignity whatsoever, who would honour him with their commands." He had obtained by the interest of the Crier of the Sessions-hall the upper apartment, for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen who were to sit for their pictures. Here he actually drew the portraits of twelve persons of both sexes, chiefly antiquated maids, who were so much alike when finished, that he was himself at a loss to find out the difference betwixt their respective features and attitudes. However, they paid with the publican the expences of this summer expedition; but the widow, who had entertained the hopes of marrying *this charming little man*, perceived too late that the motive of his assiduity was the opportunities he had of admitting him a free partner of the spirituous liquors of the bar, in which he presided.

He returned from Ely to Cambridge; where finding he had no more dupes for

credit to expect, he walked to London, and had the good luck to paint two signs on the road, with a landscape of his fancy in the parlour of a wealthy farmer near Epping. As his extensive genius comprehends all the branches of painting, he is never at a loss for employ in the country. But when he came to the metropolis, he was out of his element; and soon experienced that his talents could not even procure him humble porter and obscure lodgings near Monmouth-street. Thus disappointed, he had even the mortification to see himself slighted by his old acquaintances at Cambridge; and had not his lucky star introduced him to the daughter of a man who sold old clothes, he might have wanted a pair of breeches, which he received in exchange for the young girl's picture. Thus neglected, he took a French leave of the woman where he lodged, who was an industrious green-grocer, with whom he thought he had settled his account in his own coin.

Chance or design led him to Hammer-smith, where he began to think of some expedient to recruit his finances, now entirely exhausted. He proceeded as far as Colebrook before he met with any virtuous generous enough to relieve indigent merit. There observing the sign of the Cock, almost defaced and ready to fall down, he thought this was the house fit for him to spend the approaching night. The landlord was a civil plain man, who doated upon his wife and untoward child, who was spoiled by his vain and silly mother. R—s availed himself of the good-nature of the man, and of the woman's fondness for flattery. He said he had been recommended to their house, but was passing by it, as the sign could scarcely be guessed at; adding, that neglect might prove very detrimental to his own concerns. The publican coincided in the same opinion with him, and said he would have a new one painted, if he could have it done at a reasonable price. On this overture R—s's modesty hinted at his skill in that branch of his profession, and having offered to do it for one guinea, the landlord agreed to the proposal.

Whilst he was employed in this work, he received frequent visits from the landlady, whose beauty he praised extravagantly, and persuaded her to have her picture drawn with her beloved son, for half-a-guinea, to which she also gave her consent. Here our merry grigg eat and drank

drank plentifully, and in less than a week's time produced the Cock as large as a turkey, and the fat Hostess with her Son on her lap.

From thence our Hero went to Reading, where he painted the sign of the Black Bear. A friend of his, in going through Andover, observed four new signs in the town, which recalled R—s to his mind; and on enquiry, he was informed, that our artist lodged at the Bush, and was employed in the neighbourhood in all kinds of paintings, wholesale and retail. There is no doubt that this extraordinary genius will decorate the public rooms at Bath with his excellent paintings in fresco.

DIALOGUES of the LIVING.

The Way *NOT* to get a Husband.

Miss Moral at work with her *Tambour*—
Miss Gaylove playing with a Masquerade Ticket.

Miss G. COME, *Sophy*; will you sit poring all day over your *Tambour*? Do lay aside your work, and go with me to Tavistock-street, and assist my fancy in the choice of a dress for the *Masqued-Ball*.

Miss M. Why, have you purchased a Ticket?

Miss G. Lord, no! I have no money, you know, and I am sure my father would not spare me any for that purpose: but I have got my ticket and a couple of guineas to hire a dress given me.

Miss M. I was going to say you were in luck, but upon second thoughts, I think you would have been fortunate, if you had not found a friend to ready to oblige you.

Miss G. I am of a different opinion; I am sure you would think me very lucky indeed, if you knew with how much difficulty I got the ticket; for I was forced to beg hard for it, and to give ten kisses to old *Smuggler* into the bargain.

Miss M. Bless me, *Bell*! you cannot be serious!

Miss G. I am indeed, *Sophy*.

[Enter *Miss Pliant*.]

Miss M. What! to let such a nasty old fellow take such liberties, and only for a Masquerade Ticket!

Miss P. I am certain there is nothing to be got out of the old or the young fellows, without letting them do almost any thing they please with us.

Miss M. And why should you want to get any thing out of them? I had rather stay at home till Doomsday, than permit a man to touch me.

Miss G. I am sure, then, that you are a fool for your pains.

Miss M. 'Tis better to be a fool in your sense of the word, *Bell*, than to be so exceedingly indelicate. If no girls would suffer the men to be so saucy, they would treat all women with more respect. By spoiling the men with such very indiscreet indulgencies, you hurt *yourselves*.—What man, do you think, will choose to marry a girl who has given encouragement to the grossest familiarities?

Miss G. As to that, my dear, there are few men who chuse to marry at all: but must we, because they will not marry us, and our fathers cannot afford to keep us, sit always with our needles in our hands, and enjoy no pleasure?

Miss M. I am afraid that the immoderate fondness for what you call Pleasure, has prevented hundreds of women from marrying, and ruined thousands.

Miss G. Well, and are not the men to blame? Is it our fault? Why must they do every thing they please, though it is ever so abominable? And why must we, if we only desire a few fine cloaths, and a little innocent amusement, be distinguished by the most degrading appellations, and not only by them, but by the fussy prudes of our own sex, and thought guilty of every thing that's bad; though we are really a million of times better than those who abuse us?

Miss M. Custom has long allowed the men greater freedoms than women; and indeed we must be lost to all decency, as well as delicacy, if we either envy them for their privileges, or desire to imitate their licentious manners.—If women, as I said before, did not give them encouragement, they could not possibly be so vicious as they are.

Miss P. La, *Miss Moral*, you are vastly particular—more nice than wife, I think; for only see how plainly you are dressed, and have not seen above one Play this winter, I suppose, nor been at the Pantheon, or Masqued Ball any where: but if you were as complying as your neighbours, you might appear as genteel, and see as much as they. Now, only in

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a mere romping-bout with Lord Squander in his library, t'other morning, while my lady was under the hands of her hair-dresser, he tossed three guineas into my lap, with which I bought this sweet cap and gauze-cloak, and promised to make her ladyship let me have the chariot to carry me to the Countess of Catwell's rout in the evening.

Miss M. And are you the wiser or the better for your cap, or your cloak, Miss Pliant? And would not a hired coach have conveyed you as safely to the Countess's, as a borrowed carriage?

Miss P. Safely, no doubt, but not half so genteelly; tho' indeed I am not quite sure whether I should have been safe in a hired carriage; for the coachmen of people of fashion have a mortal aversion to *hacks*, and always endeavour to overturn them; at least, to prevent their coming up in time—their coming up at all: and so by getting out a mile from the door, one is obliged not only to walk through all the dirt, and run the risk of spoiling one's petticoat and shoes, but must pass the whole croud of sneering footmen, or the still lower wretches the mob, who abuse us because we are better dressed than themselves.

Miss M. No—they do not insult you because you are *better dressed*, but because you are *improperly dressed*; either in a style above your station, or extravagantly, and beyond that point of moderation which is becoming in every sphere of life: by such an appearance, a woman of the first quality renders herself ridiculous. Were you to hear what is said of you when you step out of a borrowed carriage, with cloaths borrowed perhaps, or purchased by the most lessening condescensions, you would be still more pained than you can be by any remarks made on you while you appear in a manner suitable to your style of life.

Miss G. 'Pshaw! People are always finding fault, let us say and do what we will, and so I make it a rule to please myself, and never mind them.

Miss M. Yes, my dear; but would it not be better for us to act in such a manner as to give no real occasion for scandal? We should then, indeed, have no reason to mind them.—However averse men in general may appear to marriage, the fear of meeting with a loose or extravagant wife is, I believe, commonly the cause of their abhorrence of matrimony. Were you a man, would you marry a wo-

man who admits every kind of freedom from every man who has it in his power to gratify her passion for public diversions—diversions the most absurd as well as the most dangerous in which a woman can be engaged?

Miss G. What a lecture is here, *Sophy*! But since you teach others how to get husbands, you will, I hope, marry vastly well yourself.

Miss M. I hope so, my dear; and indeed, I have no great doubt of my being *well married*, in every sense of the word, as I am with my father's approbation to give my hand to Sir Thomas Worthy, on Saturday next.

Miss G. } [*starting and screaming*]

Miss P. } Heavens! you are not in earnest, sure?

Miss M. I am indeed—never was more so.

Miss G. [*hurrying away*] What monstrous luck some folks have.

Miss P. [*following her*] Luck indeed!—We are all in the wrong, *Bell*.

[*West. Mag.*]

JOHN LEAPTROT.

A CHARACTER.

JOHN LEAPTROT is Recorder General of all the old women's nostrums and family receipts in the kingdom. John has a noble study well stock'd and furnish'd with books in all languages, and on all arts and sciences, and yet, large as his library is, John makes use of every book therein.

He is then studious, you will say. Far from it. His books serve only to hold between every page a numberless variety of scraps of paper, on each of which is written some memorandum or household observation.

His great family Bible, for instance, is stored between every leaf with the way to kill bugs, the way to extirpate, destroy, and poison rats, and all other vermin that infest either barns, houses, or gardens.

So also between each ode in his Sanadon's Horace are ranged alphabetically the notes and cards that he has received from his acquaintance; for like the Turk, he saves every scrap of paper with a religious veneration. By means of this ingenious contrivance, he daily makes use of the books in his study, and can in a minutes

minute's time refer you to the 22d ode of the first book of Horace for a message from his cousin Robin Tripeman, or to the 2d of Chronicles for a curious way to build a mouse-trap.

John Leaptrot can also make very excellent Shrewsbury cakes, and prepares wash-balls for half his acquaintance; he also cleans a lock handily, oils an hinge without dawbing the door, can mend old china, or get the spots out of a lady's lutestring nightgown. He darns all his stockings, and takes up a fitch neatly in a pair of knit breeches, squeezes a lemon to the greatest advantage, dresses a fallad to every body's liking, stirs a fire judiciously, and rings for wood, coals, d'oil'y's and glasses, whenever they are wanted.

In his leisure and more retired moments he knits cabbage-nets, garters, silk purses, and dolls mittens; he makes trout flies, transcribes favourite songs, letters or copies of verses, and epitaphs in churchyards; takes off patterns for the ladies work, and has a most approved receipt for making Japan blacking, which he always mixes himself.

[*Baib & Bristol Mag.*]

THE MAGICAL HORSEWHIP.

I Will amuse myself, (said I, as I was setting out on a little excursion of pleasure) with taking off the shell, or external covering from several of the passengers I meet on the road, and with peeping at the soul, as she is busied in raising the Bulwarks of *Character* and *Appearances*; in order to entrench herself with snigger security, amongst her favourite vices and follies, which lie behind them.

How little, said I, are we to credit the report which an outward shew makes either of human happiness, or of the characters of men! It is very possible that yon coachman is more at his ease, under the garb of servitude, than the mistress whom he drives, in her dominion. I'll try. Carelessly waving my whip,—which I find for conveniency, secrecy, and efficacy too, equal to the best Conjuror's Cap, Necromancer's Ring, or Enchanter's Rod of them all;—the lash of it encircled a spoke of the Chariot-wheel, as it passed me.

The lady had, upon a superficial view, a very venerable appearance. And I was tempted to imagine, that she might be some happy devotee; who, having made

a voluntary resignation of her place in the gay circle of youth to her grand-daughters, had bid adieu to the vanities of life; and by a regular attendance upon morning and evening prayers, making cordials, elixirs, and plasters for the sick and wounded, with other acts of charity, was laying up as large a stock of good works for the other world, as her remnant of time would allow.

But I am sorry to say that my Horse-whip, in this instance, proved an enemy to charity. It discovered to me, that though she affected a placid dignity of countenance, yet, this was no other than a mask to the deformed features of her character; which were composed of coquetish vanity, supercilious pride, and waspish chagrin. Her dress was fantastically young; and her delicate bosom, which she graciously exhibited to every passenger, *sans ceremonie*, struck me, who am a professed lover of antiquity, with the veneration with which I should contemplate a drum that had served many a campaign in the *Marlbrough* wars. A prayer-book, with a treatise concerning the preservation of beauty, lay on one side of the seat, and a bottle of *Circassian* water on the other; a knotting-shuttle was in her hand, and a pocket looking-glass lay upon her lap. This she frequently took up, and laid down, with a strange mixture of complacency and petulance. The case was, Vanity pointed out some remains of a fine face, but Truth discovered scenes she did not wish to know. She saw, and she saw with the deepest compunction, that the hoary hand of Time had long been busied in scattering a winter's frost over her once auburn hair. She felt, and she felt with anguish, his rough chisel tracing furrows in her brow. She had often attempted, indeed, to interrupt the old gentleman in his work, and she vainly imagined, that by the assistance of pastes, powders, combs, lotions, and perfumes, she had counteracted his rude attempts, or blunted the edge of his tools: while in fact she was only allowing him an opportunity to sharpen them the more. Often did she endeavour, by languishing accents and practised smiles, to entice back the departing Cupids to lie in ambush in her locks, or shoot their arrows from behind her wrinkles. Furies were eager to occupy the post, those young urchins found no longer tenable.

Perhaps I had taken her at a disadvantage; a late unfortunate accident might

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have contributed its share towards the discomposure which I saw predominant in her countenance. The morning's employment had been to deposit her plate, until the return of the next quarterage, with a pawn-broker of eminence, (frequently employed by the nobility) in order to defray the expences of a brilliant rout; in which she was honoured with the company of persons of the first distinction. But as no one can be completely happy in the present chequered state, this worthy personage hath also her misfortunes: for notwithstanding every effort to display her taste and magnificence, she was totally eclipsed the succeeding evening, by a lady whom she is known to despise, and whom she has often made the object of her ridicule, upon account of the inferiority of her rank and fortune.

The thoughts of the Charioteer were entirely occupied about having his horses properly trimmed against the next assembly-night; and if his mistress will please to pay his wages, which have been due these two months, he intends to buy himself a pair of second-hand silver buckles upon the occasion. And he pleases himself with the thoughts, that these, in conjunction with a pair of a new-white thread stockings, will enable him to cut as brilliant a figure among the Gentlemen of the Stable as his mistress in rivalling all the *Belles* in the Ball-Room.

Seeing a lame old man levelling the ruts with a spade, I rode up to him: but as he was without disguise, my whip was useless. An unreserved conversation was sufficient to furnish me with a short, but melancholy epitome of his life. The principal incidents of which were as follow: He was seized by a press-gang, in the beginning of the last war, and hurried on board a tender. Upon pleading earnestly the miseries in which a large family would be involved by his absence, the Lieut. had the humanity to propose, that if he would join the gang for a certain time, his release should afterwards be insured to him. "No, said he, I would rather *endure* an injury than *commit* one." After being exposed to various dangers, he lost a leg in that celebrated expedition against the Havannah. — His share of prize-money amounted to 50l. — The hopes of returning to his wife and family with this treasure, consoled him for the loss. — He returned. — His wife was dead. — His eldest son had been happily

rescued from the infamy to which a pick-pocket is exposed, and sent to sea, by the directors of the institution in favour of deserted children; where he was however accidentally drowned. — An elder daughter had been at service, but was afterwards seduced, and died upon the town. — Three younger children had perished in a work-house. — His exigencies being great, and public payment slow, he was necessitated to sell for *five* pounds his title to *fifty*. — With this he commenced shoe-black. But trade ill succeeding, he bought a wooden limb, a pick-axe and a shovel; and now obtains occasional employ from the superintendent of the road.

Thus was this veteran in distress the only survivor of a numerous family; nor had he a distant relation to acknowledge him. He appeared as an *isolated* inhabitant of this Great Globe, or like the mast of a wrecked vessel, raising its head above a tempestuous ocean.

Here, thought I, is misery complete. But I soon learned how much appearances had deceived me. A consciousness of having discharged his duty thro' every stage of action, and a release from greater sufferings, has made the eve of his boisterous life tolerably calm and serene. It is true he now depends, like the fowls of heaven, upon Providence, and the returning day for his subsistence. Providence, and the returning day have not yet left him destitute. Bread sufficient to satisfy the rage of hunger, and the refreshing brook to slacken his thirst, have been always in his power. Nor is it unfrequent that he dines luxuriously upon the offals of an ordinary, or the passing tribute levied upon the Humane; which sometimes enables him to raise even an exhilarating draught. He sleeps at night in barns and stables—yes, he *sleeps*, injured by his poverty from losses by fire; nor were his slumbers ever disturbed by the apprehension of midnight robbers.

His present desires were absorbed in longing for the refreshing pint; for the day had been sultry, and he was fatigued and thirsty. These wants I soon supplied; and a donation too trifling to be mentioned, rendered him happier than numbers would be by the acquisition of *thousands*. He threw the spade over his shoulder, and limped away rejoicing, leaving the morrow to take care for itself.

[Bath & Bristol Mag.]

THE.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wednesday, June 12, DRURY-LANE.

MONDAY night this Theatre was closed for the present season, with the comedy of the Wonder, in which Mr. GARRICK made his last theatrical appearance in Don Felix, generously giving the profits of the night as a second benefit this year to the fund—His performance, as might be expected, was inimitable; never were the passions of love, jealousy, rage, &c. so highly coloured, or admirably set off; in short, he finished his comic course with as high a theatrical climax as he did on Saturday evening his tragic one.

The play being ended, came the awful crisis, when the Roscius of this country was to take leave of the town in his public capacity—and of all those numberless admirers, who had followed him for so many years, with a devotion that could only be equalled by his merits. The scene was too distressing to be described: let the reader conceive this universal favourite, impressed with all those nicer feelings which his peculiar situation must call forth, advancing forwards, to bid farewell to that public, who seemed universally to lament that they should be the melancholy witnesses of their own great loss. Behind him, and between every scene, stood groupes of mournful actors, whose tears spoke their sorrow, and who, for once, joined in one *unfeigned* tragedy. After a short pause, as soon as he recovered a little from the first shock, he thus addressed the audience:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

"IT has been customary with persons under my circumstances, to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but indeed I found myself *then* as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be *now* of speaking it.

"The jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings.

"This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed.

[Here for a moment he was unable to proceed, until relieved by a flood of tears.]

"Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain HERE, [putting his hand to his breast] fixed, and unalterable.

"I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere, and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your most obedient and grateful servant."

Here he retired, crowned with never-fading laurels, amidst the blended tears and acclamations of the most brilliant Theatre that ever was assembled;—all ranks uniting in their invocations for the future happiness of a man, who has so repeatedly and essentially contributed to theirs.

June 13, HAY-MARKET.

Last night a new Comedy of two Acts, called the CONTRACT, was performed at this Theatre for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel —,	Mr. PARSONS,
Commodore Capson,	Mr. BANNISTER,
Captain Sprightly,	Mr. R. PALMER,
Martin,	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Eleonora,	Mrs. GARDNER,
Maria,	A YOUNG LADY,
Betty,	Miss PLATT.

THE fable of this piece arises from a *matrimonial Contract*, entered into by the Colonel and Eleonora in their younger days; which, after a separation of many years by the former going to India, is found a galling chain to both; and therefore on the Colonel's arrival in England, they both counterfeit infirmities, in order to appear odious in each other's eyes, and thus prevent their union; both parties having formed new attachments of a more juvenile kind: from hence arise all the succeeding incidents in the piece.

As we have but little time, or even inclination to speak of this farce, we shall comprehend our opinion of it in as few words as possible.—It is in language as heavy—in plot as uninteresting, and in point of character as insipid throughout, as any dramatic farago we ever sat down to.—Luckily for the author, it was accidentally ushered into the world in the presence

sence of royalty; in deference to which, the public censure it merited was we doubt not in a great measure suppressed. The father of this hopeful bantling, is said to be Dr. Franklin, the translator of several French tragedies.

The performers were very attentive, and gave the piece all the assistance in their power.

The Czar IVAN, and Princess PUSKIN.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

Illustrated with a curious PLATE engraved by an eminent Artist.

RUSSIA in the days of barbarity had all the virtues, though none of the vices of polished life. The Czar Peter, by introducing the sciences and the etiquettes of politeness, seemed rather to have effeminated, than to have bettered his subjects. Amidst those virtues which shine with the greatest splendor in a state of uncultivated nature, is generosity; civilization introduces ceremony, and a fictitious kind of humility in its stead.

The Czar IVAN was as famous for his generosity as for his intrepidity. Great souls are endowed with the greater virtues, and monarchs are then most like the gods, when they do the most extensive good.

One instance of the generosity of this Emperor, is that which relieved the Princess Puskina, surrounded by enemies, who were enamoured with her charms; she was solicited by them in the Russian style, either to give her hand or to be robbed of her dominions. Heedless of consequences, and not to be intimidated by threats; she refused to give her hand to any one, to whom she could not give her heart. Suspence, however, protracted the storm which she was threatened with. None of her suitors would strike the blow till he found another preferred to himself; and while she shewed no preference to any single person, they all remained quiet, lest by declaring themselves enemies, they should forfeit her esteem.

Immanowitz, Prince of Sleswick, was more assiduous than the rest of his competitors in his attentions; they suspected that his assiduity was owing to encouragement, and unanimously formed a league against him. Overborn with

numbers, he lost the flower of his army in a vain attempt to make head against his rivals, and was driven out of his dominions.

The rage which animated them against Immanowitz, turned their arms against the Princess Puskina—she foresaw the storm and in order to prevent it fled to Moscow, to beg auxiliaries from the Czar IVAN. His generosity, of which the fame had reached his ears, gave rise to her application.

Her arrival was announced to the Czar, her reception was prepared for. When she came to the palace, she found the Czar encircled by a band of music, in which a vocal performer was celebrating the agonies of distress, and the praises of generosity. She heard him with attention, and burst into tears. The Czar noticed the pearly drops which trickled down her cheeks, and ordered the performer to choose a more pleasing subject, and sing a new air which he had made in praise of generosity. The subject instead of stifling the rising sigh, made it rise with greater frequency.

The Czar ordering the performer to cease, eyed the Princess with inexpressible sympathy. Encouraged by his looks to pour forth her sorrows into his ears; she expatiated on the dangers to which she was exposed, and begged him to exert his generosity to rescue her from ruin almost inevitable.

I will rescue you, most amiable Princess, replied the Czar, all my troops are at your service, I will head them myself, and am not afraid of success.

The army was immediately assembled; he gave battle to the confederates, routed their forces, and drove them from the field.

On his return from victory, he laid his laurels at the feet of the Princess Puskina, begged her hand as a reward for the danger to which he had exposed himself on her account, and spent his days with her in all the happiness which matrimony can bestow.

The extensive Uses of the vegetable
World philosophically pointed out.

PHILOSOPHY, to minds fitted for it, is a most delightful study to all rational and curious souls. The subject of my present dissertation shall be on the
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The Czar Ivan & prince's Puskir.

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extensive use of the vegetable kingdom only, as little regarded by most men, as many other wonderful curiosities in nature that daily pass them equally unnoticed.

Here I could draw up a long account of particulars for which we are wholly indebted to the field and forest; but I shall confine my observations at present to the materials of our houses, our garments, and our bulky bodies.

1. View all the floors, the wainscotings, and other ornaments of your rooms, with most of their furniture and hangings, what were they all once but *plants*, or *vegetables*, growing green upon the ground? Whence, I say again, came the floor you tread on, part whereof is sometimes inlaid with different colours? Whence the fair pannels of wainscot and the cornices that encompass and adorn cathedrals and palaces? Whence their lofty roofs of cedar, and the carved ornaments thereof? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grove or the mountain? What are all our hangings of gay tapestry, and the most beautiful papers, both plain and embossed, are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grafs of the meadows? In short, thus the gay finery of the parlour and bed-chamber once was green growing grafs; the very curtains, and the linen and the costly coverings, where we take our nightly repose, even to our night-caps, were some few years ago all growing vetables in the open fields.

Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down the windows and easy chairs of the great? And were not camels with their costly hair originally made of grafs, as the sheep and their wool, the coarsest of which, as coarsely manufactured, make homely coverings for the indigent and poor?

We allow the chimney, and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass, and iron, and the little money in the pocket, were dug out of the ground, from their beds of different kinds, and we must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them: but what think ye, then, of the nice tables of *Mosaic* work? They confess the forest their parent.

What are the books before you, and every where else, even the little implements of paper, and wax, pens, wafers, and parchment? They have all the same

original, they were once mere *vegetables*, or green grafs. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which were woven of the threads of flax or hemp; the paste-board covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf, that drew its life and sustenance from the grafs of the fields. The pens we write with were plucked from the wings of the goose, which grazes upon the grafs of the common; the inkhorn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox; the wafer is made of the paste of bread-corn; and the wax is originally plundered from the bee, who with its spiculated thighs scraped it together from a thousand flowers.

2. But what is more still, we owe our drefs also to the Vegetable Kingdom. For who gave the silken habit to the rich? Do not they borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads? And whence did the worm get it, but from the green leaves of the mulberry tree? Thus, whence come our fine linen, and the costly Flanders lace that surrounds it, the delight of the ladies? Were not they both made of the stalks of flax, that grew lately up in the field, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of our muslins owing to the Indian cotton-tree? Nor is there an upper garment, whether cloak, coat, or night-gown, from the shoulders to the feet, on man, or woman, as rich and new as they may be, which the sheep or the silk-worm had not worn before you.

It is certain, that the beaver bore our hats on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was ours. The materials of our very shoes, both the upper and under part thereof, even the soles themselves, covered the calf or the heifer, before they were put on our feet; all which were green grafs at first, of one species or other, growing out of the ground.

3. But what is more wonderful still even all the Animal World, too, owes its being to vegetables: stupendous indeed! These bulky, beautiful bodies of ours, both flesh and bone, or fine features and well-turned limbs of ours, were all growing once in the fields and the meadows; and thus it is plainly proved. Was not our infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have we not been fed with wheat, tho' it was of the finest kind? And our drink, what has it been, but either the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape? Or for variety, perhaps, the cy-

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der-grove has supplied us. The flesh with which we have been nourished to such a well proportioned stature, belonged to four-footed animals, or to the fowls of the air; and each of these have either been fed with corn, or grafs. Whence then has your or my fleshy body been supported so long, and what else can you rationally think they are made of?

Our limbs, certainly, and all the bulky adventitious body, (the first flamen only excepted) owe themselves entirely to the animal or vegetable food, to the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or the fruit of plants; or to the flesh of brute creatures which have passed thro' our mouths these many years (and mine above 71), or the mouths of our parents before us.

This gouty hand of mine, that can scarce move the pen, would have been worn to a mere skeleton, my arms had been dry bones, and my trunk and ribs the statue of Death, had they not all received perpetual recruits from the field; and the substance of them is only transformed grafs, which formerly grew green out of the ground, but will make no part of our resurrection body.

Our flesh and bones, which we call ours now, did belong to the sheep or the ox before they were part of ours, and served to cloath their bones before they covered ours; and may do the like office again to others hereafter. Now, who without philosophical contemplation, or information from others, could possibly suppose that any part of ourselves was once hurried through the air in the breast of a frightened partridge, or the white leg of a woodcock which came before night into our net, or was shot by our indefatigable gunnery; or that any piece of us was ever driven thro' the fields, before the full-mouth'd hounds, on the legs of an hunted hare which was the next day prepared for your tables? Had you ever so strange a thought as this is? And can you believe it now? or upon a survey of the argument can you tell how to deny it? And what are hares, partridges, and woodcocks made of, but growing herbage or shattered corn?

It is true, we have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers; but even those in their original also are a sort of grafs, they have been fed partly by sea-weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they have devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watery world.

In short, my good Readers, I am free to declare, that whether I have fed on the ox, or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of the waters; I am certain this aged body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth (which have not left me yet) and nails, and the hairs of my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation, and a few years ago decked the surface of our earth with green grafs and agreeable flowers: wherefore flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, but the original flamminal body only. Else, every thing of me, that is not a thinking power, that is not soul, mind, or spirit, was once growing like grafs on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage. And now, my friends and fellow-vegetables, what think ye of all these paradoxes; Which of them can you cavil at? What leaves you room for doubt, or question? Is not philosophy, then, an entertaining study, that thus teaches us our original, and these astonishing operations of Divine Wisdom and Providence; but at the same time teaches us to have humble thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came, from dust, to which we must all shortly return?

Thus we may in a philosophical and literal sense say, as the prophet in an allegorical and spiritual sense long ago cried, "All flesh is grafs. How wonderful are the works of the Lord, sought out by those who delight therein!"

[*Wist. Mag.*]

An Account and Character of the Rev. RICHARD PRICE, D.D. F.R.S.

THE just esteem which Dr. Price hath acquired through a series of years among men of understanding, religion, and literature, and recently in the political world, is a sufficient apology for the following sketch. Besides, by having before us the *principles* of men of probity, enforced by *example*, we may be animated to embrace and copy them, as well as at the same time, pay the just tribute to their private and public virtues. Indeed, on many accounts, it is a more difficult task to give the world a proper view and idea of the living, than of those who have quitted the present scene of action. Such who are strangers to the person's incomparable worth, may suspect the writer of flattery—and probably the friend to whom

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that respect is paid, instead of being pleased with, may disapprove of it. However, as many partizans have without cause railed and traduced, Dr. Price must excuse a friend in giving to the public, not a panegyric, but a *character* well known by all who have the happiness to rank with his acquaintance.

Not to enter into the particulars of the Doctor's respectable descent and connections, his uncle was an eminent dissenting minister in London, the celebrated Dr. Watts's intimate friend, worthy assistant, and for a number of years, joint pastor with him. The Doctor early devoted himself to the same cause and labours, and from the beginning of his public service as a minister, hath been highly esteemed. His solid judgment and literary abilities are conspicuous, both in his discourse from the pulpit, and in his works; particularly in his "Review of the principal questions and difficulties in Morals," and his dissertation on "The importance of Christianity, the nature of historical evidence, and miracles." His other dissertations "on Providence, Prayer, &c." display his regard to practical religion, and the benign influence it hath on his own mind and practice. His curious "Observations on Reversionary Payments, Life Annuities, and political Arithmetic," and his "Complete set of Tables," shew that he hath suffered nothing useful in science to escape him.

For his communications of useful papers, and his distinguished abilities, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and several of the most respectable and learned in the kingdom have courted his acquaintance, and now rejoice in his correspondence and friendship. In brief, all who know him can bear witness to his open temper, his cheerful and instructive conversation, his candour in controversy, his meekness, affability, and humanity. Some have thought an excess of modesty, and diffidence, to have been a small alloy to those excellent qualities. His love of quiet, and unwillingness to give offence to any man, is truly delineated in his late Observations on Liberty, "I offer them to the public with reluctance and pain, urged by strong feelings, but at the same time, checked by the consciousness that I am likely to deliver sentiments not favourable to the present measures of that government under which I live, and to which I am a constant and zealous well-wisher."

The Doctor is in the first rank among his brethren in the ministry; they are witnesses to his clearness of judgment, solid reasoning, firmness of mind, and integrity. On their late application to parliament for a more extensive toleration, as the committee for conducting it, departed from the general and first principle of the Protestant Dissenters, the Doctor, though one of them, withstood them in the body, and divided, with those ministers who were against any test of a religious nature, as the condition of enjoying the protection of the magistrate. He repeatedly insisted that the relief prayed for in the bill, ought to include not merely some, but all his brethren, by the repeal of the penal laws against them, on their giving such civil security to government, as is required of other subjects.

The Doctor's political pamphlets, "An Appeal to the Public, on the Subject of the National Debt," and his "Observations on Liberty, and the justice and policy of the war with America," have brought him more on the public stage, than he either expected or desired. "As a member of society, he only took that liberty of examining public measures, which happily for this kingdom, every person in it enjoys," at present—and this he would not have done, but he saw "the present period big with events of the last consequence to his country." His enemies (if he can have any) must confess, that he hath not written as a partisan; and all who have the honour of his acquaintance, know his good intentions, and that he is unconnected with any party—"If serving essentially, says he, this country, as well as America, by putting the national debt into a fixed course of payment—by subjecting to new regulations the administration of the finances—and establishing measures for exterminating corruption and restoring the constitution—if this is not to be the consequence of any future changes in the ministry, and the system of corruption, lately so much improved, is to go on; I think it totally indifferent to the kingdom who are in, or who are out of power."

Perhaps no publication hath produced such a number of pamphlets, by way of answer, as the Doctor's Observations, or more unmerited abuse; unless we must except the late Bishop Hoadley's excellent sermon on the Kingdom of Christ. But the public, and his opponents, would do well to consider and copy the character of

Dr.

Price, as drawn last year by a lady, who ranks with his friends, is well known the litterati through the kingdom, and cannot be suspected either of party or flattery.

"Whilst the vain man is painfully striving to outshine all the company, and to attract their admiration, by false wit, forced compliments, and studied graces, he must surely be mortified to observe how constantly *Simplicius* engages their attention, respect, and complacency, without having once thought of himself as a person of any consequence amongst them. *Simplicius* imparts his superior knowledge, when called upon, as easily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock; and with the same readiness and good will, informs the most ignorant, or confers with the most learned. He is as willing to receive information as to give it, and to join the company as far as he is able, in the most trifling conversation into which they happen to fall, as in the most serious and sublime. If he disputes, it is with as much candour on the most important and interesting, as on the most insignificant subjects; and he is not less patient in hearing than in answering his antagonist. If you talk to him of himself, or of his works, he accepts praise or acknowledges defects, with equal meekness, and it is impossible to suspect him of affectation in either. We are more obliged and gratified by the plain and unexaggerated expressions of his regard, than by the compliments and attentions of the most accomplished pattern of high breeding; because his benevolence and sincerity are so strongly marked in every look, word, and action; that we are convinced his civilities are offered for our sakes, not for his own; and are the natural effects of real kindness, not the studied ornaments of behaviour. Every one is desirous to shew him kindness in return, which we know will be accepted just as it is meant. All are ready to pay him that deference which he does not desire, and to give him credit for more than he assumes, or even more than he possesses. With a person ungrateful, and with manners unpolished by the world, his behaviour is always proper, easy, and respectable; as free from constraint and servility in the highest company, as from haughtiness and insolence in the lowest. His dignity arises from his humility; and the sweetness, gentleness, and frankness of his manners, from the real goodness and rectitude of his heart, which lies

open to inspection in all the fearlessness of truth, without any need of disguise or ornament."

Taxation no Tyranny on the LADIES' HEAD DRESSES.

THE season of the year being now advanced, and theatrical entertainments having given way to rural amusements, we may naturally expect some accounts of the diversions of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone. At the last of these places, I would advise the ladies to be particularly careful of their combustible heads, which, by their attractive altitude, may bring down upon them a shower of fire and sulphur, that may demolish their walking steeples, as fatally as the lightning did that at St. Bride's some time since. The last time I went to see Garrick, the height of these steeples in the boxes only, was computed, by a gentleman who sat next to me, and who appeared to be perfectly versed in taking of altitudes, to be higher than the monument; and he wished he could persuade the ladies to let him rear a pile with them in commemoration of the folly and extravagance of the present æra.

But as ridicule has been almost exhausted upon them, without any visible effect, except it has been to increase their size, it is to be wished that, in the ensuing sessions, upon opening the budget, the *premier* will not forget to tax them, as well as news-papers, as they certainly come under the *head* of luxury, and cannot possibly be concealed, as in the article of plate. As this is the case, they might (like plate) be taxed in proportion to their weight. Suppose a head weighing only six pounds, were to be taxed at six pounds sterling, and so on in proportion as far as twenty pounds (not *truy* but *averdupoize*) taking the average weight at ten pounds, and supposing these to be at least a million in Great Britain (for we do not see why the Scotch ladies should be exempted, as they may now *scratch* with impunity, it being the *ton*) and this being the smallest number that can be supposed; here is a certain revenue of *ten millions*, and it may then be said, for the glory and sagacity of the British fair, (in case the American war should continue another year) that it was entirely owing to their *heads*, when *those* of the ministers had proved too weak, that the rebels were brought to proper obedience.

LITERARY

THE LITERARY REVIEW.

Three Dialogues concerning Liberty. 8vo.
2s. Doddsley.

THESE Dialogues are maintained between two persons, only one of whom may properly be considered as a speaker, and the other the narrator of the conversation. The first Dialogue contains an enquiry into the idea and extent of civil liberty where the nature of that privilege is clearly explained, and the necessity of certain restraints upon it established, for the general happiness of mankind. The subject of the second Dialogue is the origin of civil government, which is treated with no less perspicuity and justness of observation; and in the third, where religious liberty is considered, we are equally interested by the depth of the author's discernment and the sagacity of his reflections. It is unnecessary to add, that these Dialogues cannot fail of affording great pleasure to such readers as have a taste for rational and unembarrassed investigations into these abstracted, but important subjects: on which we here meet with many just, ingenious, and striking sentiments.

The Temple of Mammon. 4to. 1s. Davies.

The general plan of visionary, as well as of real temples, has frequently been adopted by succeeding artists, whether in poetry or architecture. Accordingly the author of the present production seems to have had in view *The Temple of Fame*, when he composed this imaginary structure; which, it must however be acknowledged, is not deficient respecting either the justness of the allegory, or the brilliancy of description.

A Reply to the Author of the Remarks on a Scriptural Confutation of Mr. Lindsey's Apology. 8vo. 6d. Law.

The Scriptural Confutation, by Mr. Burgh, is a vindication of the Athanasian theology against Mr. Lindsey. The pamphlet intitled Remarks, &c. is a refutation of that work. This Reply contains some general animadversions on the presumption of those, who impugn the doc-

trine of the Trinity; but nothing more argumentative, or important.

The Syrens, a Masque, as performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden. By Captain Thompson. 8vo. 1s. Kearsly.

There are several favourable airs and chorusses in this Masque; and with respect to the other parts, the indulgence usually granted to productions of this nature may be sufficient to protect it from the animadversions of criticism.

Luciani Samosatensis, quomodo Historia conscribenda sit. Edidit ac notis illustravit Franciscus Riollay, A. M. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Rivington.

This publication consists of two entertaining tracts, on the *Method of writing History*.

The victory, which the Romans obtained over the Parthians, in the reign of Aurelius and Verus, in the year 165, induced a great number of Greek sophists and rhetoricians, Creperius Calpurnianus, Callimorphus, Demetrius Sagalassensis, and others, to write the history of that celebrated expedition. Their performances, it seems, were trifling and absurd. Lucian therefore ridicules and exposes them in this treatise, and then proceeds to shew in what manner a history ought to be written.

The second tract is in two books. This title is ironically applied. It is a whimsical romance, in ridicule of Isambulus, Ctesias, and others, who had imposed upon the world improbable stories, and descriptions of things, which never existed. Lucian relates what happened to him in the course of a wonderful peregrination; his adventures by sea and land, in the air and the moon, in the belly of a whale, in the Elysian fields, the islands of the impious, the land of dreams, and other places.

These pieces are illustrated with notes, collected from various commentators. The Latin translation is that of Reitzius, in the edition of Lucian's works, printed in four volumes quarto, at Amsterdam,

1743.

L 1

Sacred

Sacred Annals; or, the Life of Christ, as recorded by the Four Evangelists, with Practical Observations. By T. Morell, D. D. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Longman.

This work is compiled from the writings of bishop Taylor, Locke, Cradock, Whiston, Le Clerc, Lamy, Macknight, and other harmonizers of the gospel; but particularly Dr. Doddridge. It is principally designed for the Sunday exercise of the young gentlemen educated at Eton-School. But it is likewise calculated for the use of ordinary readers, as the narrative is plain, and the observations of a practical nature.

"As there are but very few notes at the bottom of the page, the following remark on the slaughter of the infants at Bethlehem, immediately presents itself to our notice. 'The Greeks in their calendar, and the Abyssines of Æthiopia, commemorate in their offices of liturgy *fourteen thousand*.'—Does this learned writer produce these calendars as evidences, that 14,000 infants were slain by Herod? Or does he believe the Greeks and Abyssines? He seems to believe them: for he says, 'Herod slew *many thousand* innocent babes.' But, if he really slew this amazing number, how shall we account for the silence of all historians, on this occasion? Such an unparalleled act of barbarity, such an extensive massacre of his innocent subjects, must have struck that age and nation with horror, and would never have been passed over in silence by all historians: particularly by Josephus, who was the professed enemy of Herod, and took every opportunity to represent him in the most odious characters. It is very properly observed by one of the commentators, that the slaughter might not be very remarkable, 'Ob raritatem habitantium in eo tractu.' The Abyssinian account of the slain invalidates its credibility, and renders it as improbable, as the story of the martyrdom of St. Ursula, and her 11,000 virgins.

Poetical Legends: containing the American Captive, and the faithful Feud. To which is added, the Fall of Fashion, a poetical Vision. 4to. 2s. 6d. Donaldson.

We are informed by an advertisement that, at the desire of the author, the profits arising from this publication are to be paid into the fund for the relief of his Majesty's sick and wounded troops, and of the widows and orphans of the soldiers slain in America. This humane inten-

tion might be sufficient to disarm us of severity, though these poems were less entitled to approbation than they really are. We therefore heartily wish success to the sale of a production which is devoted to so benevolent a purpose.

The Honour of the University of Oxford defended against the illeberal Aspersions of E—d B—e, Esq. with pertinent Observations on the present Rebellion in America. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

The translation of a pamphlet which appeared in our Review a few months ago, under the title of, *De Tumultibus Americæ deque eorum Concitatoribus Meditatio Senilis*.

The version appears to be executed with fidelity, and may answer the design of diffusing more widely the sentiments contained in the original.

Three Weeks after Marriage. A Comedy, As performed at the Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden. 8vo. 1s. Kearsly.

This piece was presented to the public, under a different title, about twelve years ago, when it met with such a reception as to be dismissed from the theatre. On its late revival, however, it has had the good fortune repeatedly to afford entertainment to the audience; a proof, among many others, that the fate of dramatic compositions is not always determined, by the general voice, with equal candour and judgment.

The Man of Quality: a Farce. Taken from the Comedy of the Relapse. By Mr. Lee. 8vo. 1s. Kearsly.

In altering this farce from Sir John Vanburgh's comedy of *The Relapse*, Mr. Lee's design has been to remove the blemishes, in point of style and moral, with which that production was disfigured. It would be pity should so laudable an intention, properly executed, not meet with the success it deserves; and in this respect, not believe Mr. Lee's expectations have been disappointed.

An Examination of Wesley's Primitive Physic. By W. Hawes, Apothecary. 4to. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

Those who reflect that the science of medicine can only be improved by observation, and who likewise know how much advantage it has derived from the discoveries in natural philosophy, will entertain

tain but a very unfavourable idea of *Primitive Physic*. Had Mr. Wesley prudently restricted himself within the limits of his profession, by elucidating the principles of *primitive religion*, he might have edified his readers much more, without either endangering their temporal welfare, or exposing his own opinions to the imputation of medical ignorance, of which he is so clearly convicted in this examination. A person may dogmatize with plausibility on speculative subjects, but the errors of practical empiricism are open to the plainest detection.

Practical Remarks on West-India Diseases. 8vo. 2s. Newbery.

We are informed in a preface, that these Remarks are published as a specimen of a larger work on the subject of West-India Diseases, which the writer means to pursue, should the success of the present treatise encourage him to proceed in his plan. The diseases treated are Inflammatory Disorders, both general and local; among the latter of which we meet with a particular account of Inflammations of the Breast, the Brain, and the Bowels. These are followed by Remarks on the dry Belly-ach, Bilious Disorders, the Yellow Fever, Putrid Bilious Fever, Bilious Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Coup de Soleil, Tetanus, latent inflammatory Fever, and the Small-Pox. To the account of these diseases the author has premised some observations on the climate of the West-India islands, and the food of the inhabitants.

It does not appear that the practice which this writer recommends, differs much from that of the medical authors who have preceded him on the subject. His style, however, it must be acknowledged, is superior to the common standard in physic; but it is to be wished that he had authenticated the Remarks, by making known at least his name, and the place of his residence in the West-India islands.

A Further Examination of our present American Measures, and of the Reasons and Principles on which they are founded. 8vo. 3s. Baldwin.

The author of this pamphlet writes with greater coolness, accuracy, and force, than is generally to be met with among the advocates for the colonies. His judgment, however, respecting the issue of the contest, seems to be strongly biased by a prepossession in favour of the American claim.

Journal of the Proceedings of the Congress, held at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. Published by Order of the Congress. 8vo. 3s. Almon.

We are here presented with the various resolutions of this insatuated society, from their meeting on the 10th of May, to their adjournment on the 1st of August, 1775; resolutions equally expressive of the folly, presumption, and extravagance of the assembly that formed them, and which ought to excite in the breast of every loyal British subject, an earnest wish for the humiliation of those darling and ambitious demagogues.

The Plea of the Colonies on the Charges brought against them by Lord M——d and others. 8vo. 1s. Almon.

One of the numerous tribe of partizans who have ranged themselves on the side of the colonies; but particularly distinguished by his virulence and abuse, with which he abounds much more than in rational argument.

A Prospect of the Consequences of the present Conduct of Great Britain towards America. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Almon.

The author of this pamphlet appears to be one of those writers who pretend to great penetration into futurity, in which they affect to discover dreadful misfortunes that must inevitably befall the British arms, in the present contest with the colonies. It is time only that can confirm or fully refute such predictions; and we shall therefore make no other remark, but that they seem not to be very consistent with the laws of political optics.

Serious and impartial Observations on the Blessings of Liberty and Peace. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Payne.

These observations relate chiefly to the present contest between Great Britain and America, which the author treats in a plain, candid, and unbiassed manner; proceeding afterwards to shew how much the prosperity of a nation is influenced by a regard to religion. They seem to be the lucubrations of a contemplative, sincere, and well-meaning person.

Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck, upon his newly invented Candle-snuffers. 4to. 6d. Alm.

A little sprightly *jeu d'esprit*, seasoned with some whimsical pleasantries, and a few grains of satirical humour.

A short Appeal to the People of Great Britain; upon the unavoidable Necessity of the present War with our disaffected Colonies. 12mo. 2s. Kearsly.

This concise and nervous Appeal expounds, in the strongest colours, the falshood and inconsistency of the declarations which the colonists have made towards justifying their opposition to the supreme authority of parliament. The arguments here advanced on this subject are equally clear and forcible, and must fully invalidate the American pretensions, in the opinion of every reader who peruses them with the attention they deserve.

Thoughts on the present State of the Poor, and the intended Bill for the Relief and Employment. By a Kentishman. 8vo. 1s. Conant.

The writer of this pamphlet is an opponent to the intended scheme of establishing general workhouses, and produces an instance of a workhouse which has been erected twenty-seven years, the expence attending which has been half as much more as that of maintaining the poor of the same parish formerly. He does not, however, assert that workhouses are the sole cause of the increase of the poor's rates, but justly thinks it a sufficient reason for rejecting them, that they do not decrease those rates. Nothing, as he truly remarks, can be got by the proposed act of parliament, but a compulsory clause to oblige parishes to come into the scheme of district workhouses; for, as the law now stands, any number of parishes may join, with the consent of the justices of the division, and erect a common workhouse. And it is, says he, an unfavourable presumption that but one such aggregate workhouse has been attempted in this county (Kent) and even that lasted only a few years; and he infers with propriety from this circumstance, that, had this workhouse been manifestly for the advantage of the parishes concerned, it would not have been abolished. He has heard of no instance where workhouses have succeeded, but in Norfolk and Suffolk; and we can from good authority assure him, that they have not contributed there to the decrease of the poor's rates, which in one of those counties, where workhouses have been long established, are increased to such a degree, as to cause strong contests and disputes amongst the

parties concerned, and awkward schemes to be tried for regulating the assessments.

This gentleman is of opinion, that the laws now in force, if put in execution, are likely to prove efficacious in preventing the increase of the poor's rates: amongst these are some regulations relative to the registering the names of persons admitted to have relief; to there being kept a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff in every parish, to set the poor to work; to the parish officers setting up any trade, for the setting to work and better relief of the poor; and to the paupers being obliged to wear a badge.

One thing, however, it might be worth while to apply to parliament for; and that is, for a proper power in the justices to appoint an inspector, or middle man between them and the overseers, to overlook a certain number of parishes, with a convenient salary; to examine what persons are upon the lists, and the reasons of their admission, with power to strike off those they think improper objects, and to admit such as appear to have been unjustly refused by the vestry and officers; to see that all such regularly wear the badge; to have a particular eye to such boys and girls as are not put out to trades or service at proper ages, or do not keep to service afterwards; or to such single men or women as lay upon their own hands before they have been married, unless rendered unfit for service by old age or other infirmities, from whence many of our present mischiefs relating to the poor undoubtedly flow; to see that all the poor laws are duly executed; and to call a vestry in each parish within their districts once every quarter, or oftener if need requires; and to make a report thereof to the justices of the division, at a special session to be held quarterly for that purpose. And if there is a workhouse within any of their districts, to have a further power to inspect the management of the house, to reprimand and inflict some slight punishment on the paupers, and even on the master or mistress, in case of misbehaviour; and, if occasion be, to order the officers and vestry to remove them, and to chuse others in their room; as well as to take care that no improper person is admitted into it: with an appeal, in all these cases, either for the inspectors, overseers, parishioners, or pauper, to the next special sessions; and from thence, if need be, to the quarter-sessions. Such an officer

officer might be very useful, and worth an application to parliament, to try the experiment for a certain number of years: let us suppose seven, for it would be wrong at first to make it perpetual, because nothing but the experience of the thing can certainly shew its utility. Such a term is sufficient to judge whether it will be worth while to continue it; and it will be always found easier to get another act to render it perpetual, than, if it was made so at first, to procure its repeal, in case it should turn out a burthen only without any use.

This scheme would not alter the laws in any respect; on the contrary, it would be the means of enforcing them, and therefore seems well worth the trial, much preferable to that of general workhouses, and will cost a trifle: for the expence of a proper salary to an inspector cannot be great, when divided between a number of parishes, and will cease with the office if it does not succeed: whereas the buildings of houses must be attended with a very great expence at first; and, should the project fail in its success, it will remain a heavy load on every parish by the debt contracted for that purpose, if it should be thought proper to borrow the money; or, if it is raised at once, will be an intolerable burthen on the present occupiers, and occasion a deal of clamour. If then an application to parliament is judged necessary, let it be for appointing an inspector, with sufficient powers, during a certain term of years, only by way of experiment; should it answer the intent, it may be soon made perpetual.

We are of opinion, with our author, that the appointment of such an inspector might prove of great utility in remedying the evil complained of.

Observations on the Bill intended to be offered to Parliament for the better Relief and Employment of the Poor. In a Letter to a Member of Parliament. By Richard Burn, LL. D. 8vo. 11. Cadell.

Various are the schemes which have been proposed for rendering the maintenance of the poor less burthensome; several of which have been carried into execution, but without having the desired effect. This Herculean task is, therefore, still to be performed, and we foresee no great probability of success.

The mode in agitation, which gave rise to this pamphlet, is that of establishing

one or more workhouses in every county, according to its size, for the reception of the poor belonging to such county, or to such part of it, as each workhouse may belong to; which, it is urged, would render it possible to maintain the poor at a less expence, than that at which they are at present maintained in their separate parishes, and to turn their labour to better account. If certain and regular employment can be obtained for the poor in these workhouses, perhaps (for we are not entirely of this opinion) the latter argument may have weight, but that the poor can be maintained cheaper in these houses, than according to the common mode we very much doubt. There will never, in a workhouse, be that oeconomy practised in the distribution of food and raiment, that the poor practise in their own families; and a family permitted to make use of its own earnings, and assisted by small allowances from a parish, will subsist at less expence than it would require to support it in a workhouse, where they would not submit to make such shifts as they would at home, and where they would still be less contented.

Dr. Burn is of opinion, that sundry regulations proposed in the bill in question would be productive of inconvenience and expence.

The first regulation is, 'that after the poor shall have been conveyed to the workhouses, no poor person shall be removed by order of the justices from one parish, township, or place, to another within the same county, but that all poor persons wanting relief within such country, shall be sent to the house of industry within the district; and if the settlement of such person shall be in another county, he shall be removed to the same by order of the justices, on complaint of the governors signified by their clerk.'

Dr. Burn objects to this, because the complaint is not to be made by the parish-officers, and because it will require a total alteration in the established form of an order of removal. This, however, in our opinion, is not a material objection, since, when the governors know the occasion of complaint, it would be sparing trouble, to permit their making the complaint, rather than the parish-officers under their direction.

The second is, 'that no poor person shall be removed by order of the justices from or to any county which shall have been formed into districts under this act,

or from any other act for the relief and employment of their poor, until such person shall have been *actually and bona fide chargeable* to such county, hundred, city, town, district, or place.

This clause, he observes, strikes at the root of all the acts of parliament relating to the removal and settlement of the poor, and of the whole complicated doctrine of certificates founded thereupon; and not being universal, would be productive of much confusion, as two kinds of settlements would be going on at one time. This objection certainly is well founded, as is that to the third regulation, which also relates to removals.

Our author's disapprobation of the main scheme, the establishing of workhouses, does honour to his philanthropy.

Dr. Burn has added, by way of Appendix, his observations on this subject in his History of the Poor Laws.

Edwald and Ellen, an heroic Ballad. Intro Cantos. By Mr. Thistlethwaite. 4to. 1s. 6d. Murray.

This ballad, though not entirely void of poetical merit, is so much disfigured with a profusion of incongruous imagery, that it hardly can afford any pleasure to a reader of taste. Mr. Thistlethwaite seems to be particularly fond of the art of personification, but he uses it with great impropriety. He is, we believe, the first author that ever described Virtue with *gates* in her breast.

‘But Ruin with gigantic stride
Wav’d the black plumage of her crest;
And saw Despair with barb’rous pride
Assail the gates of Virtue’s breast.’

The idea of converting Candour into the base of Virtue’s throne, betrays a very Gothic talent for poetical designing.

‘O thou, the base of Virtue’s throne,
To thee, bright Candour, I appeal.’

In the following lines, the ideal personage *Surprise*, is described as resembling a Merry Andrew.

‘Awhile Surprise, in antic vest,
Their speech in silken fetters bound.’

As another instance of Mr. Thistlethwaite’s intention, we shall present our readers with the subsequent stanza, where *Sympathy*, an allegorical being likewise, is represented as beslriding a Sigh.

‘Attentive to the tender tale,
His bosom heav’d a frequent Sigh;
Whilst Sympathy astride the gale,
Bade the full torrent swell the eye.’

We appeal to Mr. Thistlethwaite, whether he would not be shocked with the ridiculous fancy of a painter who should, if possible, represent Sympathy riding at full gallop upon a Sigh, to lay hold of the heart of Virtue, to which, that the rider might have the more commodious access, the artist had placed gates in her breast. Such a picture might really excite the emotion *Surprise*, whether that personage was habited in an antic vest or not, and might even force Candour to shake his sides with laughing, though he had to support the whole incumbent weight both of Virtue and her throne.

An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces. Small 8vo. 1s. Almon.

The first number of a work intended as a continuation of The New Foundling Hospital for Wit, and the Fugitive Miscellany. A receptacle of this kind might prove useful, if care were taken not to admit into it any fugitive productions but such as possess real merit. The several pieces here collected are not unworthy of being preserved from oblivion; but whether this literary Asylum will continue to reject all those of a different quality, the editor alone must determine.

Netherby: A Poem. By Mr. Maurice. 4to. 2s. 6d. Kearsly.

Netherby, the subject of this poem, is situated on the borders of Cumberland, twelve miles north of Carlisle; and was formerly a Roman station, bearing the name of the *Castrum Exploratorum*. We know of few descriptive poems that can boast a greater number of interesting episodes than the present, or in which those are interwoven with more beautiful and animated colouring. It appears that this is the production of the author of *The School Boy*, a poem, which we formerly mentioned in honourable terms.

Ugbrooke Park: a Poem. 4to. 2s. Robson.

The beauties of Ugbrooke Park, are described in a lively and picturesque strain of poetry. Indeed a place that was far less remarkable for local ornaments than this seat of lord Clifford, might make no mean figure in poetical description, under the pen of an author who so much indulges the creative wantonness of imagination; of which we have an instance, in the metamorphosis of spars into oak-trees,

The Fine Gentleman's Etiquette; or, Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his Son varied. 4to. 1s. Davies.

This didactic rhapsody, the precepts contained in which are founded upon passages referred to in his lordship's letters, is written in hendecasyllable measure, and is not destitute of humour.

Lord Ch—m's *Prophecy, an Ode; addressed to Lieut. Gen. Gage. With explanatory and critical Notes.* 4to. 1s. Almon.

The effusion of a political Cassandra with respect to the issue of the present war. The prophecy, as may readily be imagined, forebodes no success to the British arms; but, what may afford some small compensation to readers whose taste is not over delicate, the melancholy tenor of it is now and then enlivened by transient glimpses of humour, which is at least inoffensive.

Poems: Edward and Isabella; Elegy on the Death of a Child. 4to. 2s. White.

The first of these poems, which is of considerable length, recites, in the epistolary strain, the unhappiness that accrued to each of the parties mentioned in the title, from the infidelity of Isabella. There occur in it some sentiments which have a claim to elegiac tenderness, though the pathos is not uniformly supported through the whole composition.—The Elegy on the death of a Child is written in the usual common-place style of similar productions.

A New System, or, an Analysis of Ancient Mythology: wherein an attempt is made to divest Tradition of Fable; and to reduce the Truth to its Original Purity.
By Jacob Briant. Payne.

THIS learned writer having shewn, in a preceding volume, the certainty of an universal deluge from the evidences of most nations, to which we can gain access, proceeds in this to give us a history of the persons, who survived that event; and of the families, which were immediately descended from them. Having mentioned their residence in the region of Ararat, and their migration from it, he gives an account of the roving of the Cuthites, and of their coming to the plains of Shinar, from whence they were at last expelled. To this are added observations upon the history of Chaldea

and Egypt, of Hellas and Ionia, and of every other country, which was in any degree occupied by the sons of Chus.

What the author now presents to the public, contains matter of great moment; and, if his notions are well grounded, will afford a sure basis for the future history of the world.—His first enquiry relates to the migration and dispersion of nations. Part of what he advances upon this head is, that the ark rested upon the mount Ararat*, in the province of Armenia; that it was providentially wasted thither, being a very high country, consequently the soonest dried, and containing every requisite for habitation; that Noah and his family there descended from the ark; that mankind, for a long time lived under the mild rule of this great patriarch; that when they multiplied, and became very numerous, it pleased God to allot to the various families different regions, to which they were to retire; that accordingly, in the days of Phaleg, they did remove, and betake themselves to their different departments; that the sons of Chus would not obey, but went off, under the conduct of the arch-rebel Nimrod, and were probably for a long time in a roving state; that at last they arrived at the plains of Shinar, which they found occupied by Assur and his sons, who had been placed there by divine appointment; that they ejected him, and seized upon his dominions, which they immediately fortified with cities, intending to found a great, if not an universal empire; that the city Babel was first built, and afterwards the celebrated tower; that, fearing they might be divided and scattered abroad, they built this tower, as a landmark to repair to, as a token to direct them; that probably it was an idolatrous temple, or high altar, dedicated to the host of heaven, from which they were never long to be absent; that the apostates were one fourth of the line of Ham, and had an inclination to maintain themselves where they first settled, instead of occupying the countries, to which they were appointed; that this rebellious purpose was defeated by a fearful judgment, a confusion of speech, through a failure in labial utterance, or an inability to articulate; that this judgment related only to the Cuthites of Shinar and Babel, and to those, who had

* A compound of Ar-rat, and signifies the mountain of descent.

joined

joined themselves to them; and that in consequence of this calamity they fled away, not to any particular place of destination, but were scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

Such, says our author (if we have rightly collected his ideas) is the account transmitted by Moses of the reparation of mankind after the flood; and of their migration, according to their families, to the regions appointed for them.

He observes, that many traces of these events are to be found in the Greek poets.

Ancient writers are unanimous, that the tower of Babel was overthrown, and that Nimrod perished in it. But this, our author thinks, could not be true.

For, says he, the term of Nimrod's life, extend it to the utmost of patriarchic age after the flood, could not have sufficed for this. And though writers do assert, that the tower was overthrown, and the principal person buried in its ruins; and it must be confessed, that ancient mythology has continual allusions to some such event, yet I should imagine, that this related to the overthrow of the deity there worshipped, and to the extirpation of his rites and religion, rather than to any real person. The fable of Vulcan who was thrown down from heaven, and cast into the sea, is founded upon this story.

'This is the purport of the passage, and it is consonant to all history.'

In this manner, this learned writer has very fully analysed the fables of the poets, relative to the wars of the giants: proving them to have been derived from true history, the enterprises of the sons of Chus at Babel, and their subsequent engagements with the family of Shem.

From this subject the author proceeds to the Original Chaldaic History, as transmitted by Abydenus, Appollodorus, and Alexander Polyhistor, from Berosus of Babylon.

From this chapter we shall only extract the following remarks on the origin of letters.

'It is said [by Berosus] that both Oannes and Sisuthrus instructed men in the knowledge of letters, and committed many things to writing. And it is the opinion of many learned men, that letters were not unknown to the people of the antediluvian world. For my part, I believe that there was no writing antecedent to the law at Mount Sinai. Here the divine art was promulgated; of which other na-

tions partook: the Tyrians and Sidonians first, as they were the nearest to the fountain-head. And when this discovery became more known; even then I imagine, that its progress was very slow; that in many countries, whither it was carried, it was but partially received, and made use of to no purpose of consequence.

Though these observations of our author seem to have great weight, yet when we consider, that the delivery of the decalogue on Mount Sinai was above 2500 years after the Creation, we can hardly suppose, that all these ages should elapse, without the use of letters.

The law was given by Moses 857 years after the Deluge. But it is most probable, that the Israelites knew the use of letters before this time. If they did not, that law would have been totally unintelligible.

The prophecies of Jacob, Gen. xlix. were faithfully preserved 200 years, to the time of Moses; and therefore most likely in writing.

Before the law was delivered, Moses, we are told, read in the audience of the people the *Book of the Covenant*. Exod. xxiv. 7. xxxiv. 29.

The *Book of the Wars of the Lord*, cited by Moses, Numb. xxi. 14. seems to imply the existence of writing among the Jews, before the Pentateuch.

If alphabetic writing had been first discovered at the promulgation of the law, it is natural to suppose, that the Jewish historians would have taken some opportunity to mention this wonderful invention, which would have redounded to the everlasting honour of that nation.

For these reasons we are inclined to think, that letters were in use in some of the more civilized nations, before the promulgation of the law on Mount Sinai. But at what time they were actually introduced, is perhaps, at this day, not possible to be known. This want of more information seems to be only the natural and necessary consequence of a *progressive* discovery.

Travels in Greece: or an Account of a Tour made at the Expence of the Society of Dilettanti. By Richard Chandler, D. D. Fellow of Magdalen College, and of the Society of Antiquaries. Doddey.

DR. Chandler informs us, that besides the more fixed antiquities at Athens,

Athens, many detached pieces are found in the town, by the fountains, in the streets, the walls, the houses and churches. He enumerates a marble chair or two, which probably belonged to the gymnasia or theatres; a sun-dial at the cathedral, inscribed with the name of the maker; and close by, at the archiepiscopal house, a very curious vessel of marble, used as a cistern to receive water, but once serving, Dr. Chandler conjectures, as a public standard or measure. Many columns occur; with some maimed statues; and pedestals, several of which with inscriptions, and almost buried in earth.

The Acropolis, or citadel, which was the most ancient part of Athens, is now a fortress, with a thick irregular wall, standing on the brink of precipices, and inclosing a large area, about twice as long as broad. Some portions of the ancient wall may be discovered on the outside, particularly at the two extreme angles; and in many places it is patched with pieces of columns, and with marbles taken from the ruins. The rock is lofty, abrupt, and inaccessible, except the front, which is toward the Piræus; having now, as formerly, only one entrance. It is destitute of water fit for drinking, and supplies are daily carried up to it from one of the conduits in the town.

The acropolis, says our author, furnished a very ample field to the ancient virtuosi. It was filled with monuments of Athenian glory, and exhibited an amazing display of beauty, of opulence, and of art; each contending, as it were, for the superiority. It appeared as one entire offering to the Deity, surpassing in excellence, and astonishing in richness. Heliodorus, named *Periegetes, the guide*, had employed on it fifteen books. The curiosities of various kinds, with the pictures, statues, and pieces of sculpture, were so many and so remarkable, as to supply *Polemio Periegetes* with matter for four volumes; and Strabo affirms, that as many would be required in treating of other portions of Athens and of Attica. They who reported it was only a small village, must, it has been surmised, have beheld the acropolis through the wrong end of their telescopes.

The principal ornament of the acropolis was the parthenon or great temple of Minerva, which appears from the description transmitted by antiquity, to have been a most superb and magnificent fa-

bric. It was of white marble, of the Doric order, the columns fluted and without bases. The story of the birth of Minerva was carved in the front pediment; and in the back, her contest with Neptune for the country. The beams of burthen which had conveyed up the materials, were regarded as sacred, and recompensed with pastures; and one, which had voluntarily headed the train, was maintained during life, without labour, at the public expence.

The statue of Minerva, made for this temple by Phidias, was of ivory, twenty-six cubits or thirty nine feet high. It was decked with pure gold to the amount of forty-four talents*. The goddess was represented standing, with her vestment reaching to her feet. Her helmet had a sphinx for the crest, and on the sides were griffins. The head of Medusa was on her breast-plate. In one hand she held her spear, and in the other supported an image of Victory about four cubits high. The battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ was carved on her sandals; and on her shield, which lay at her feet, the war of the gods and giants, and the battle of the Athenians and Amazons. By her spear was a serpent, in allusion to the story of Erichthonius; and on the pedestal, the birth of Pandora. The sphinx, the victory, and serpent, were accounted eminently wonderful. This image was placed in the temple in the first year of the eighty-seventh Olympiad, in which the Peloponnesian war began.

In the next chapter Dr. Chandler introduces us to a cluster of ruins on the north side of the parthenon, containing the Erechtheum and the temple of Pandrosos, daughter of Cecrops.

In the twelfth chapter Dr. Chandler, leading us down from the rock of the acropolis conducts us upon a circuit of that eminent part of ancient Athens.

Proceeding from the theatre of Bacchus, we come to an extensive corn-field, once part of the Cramicus within the city, on the left hand, now bounded by the bed of the Ilissus, beyond which are rocks; and before us, on an eminence, is the monument of Philopappus. At some distance from the theatre begins an outwork of the fortress, standing on ancient

* Forty talents, valued, according to Herodotus, at thirteen times the weight in silver, will amount to above 120,000*l.* sterling.

arches, supposed to be the remains of a *stoa* or portico, which was connected with the theatre called the Odeum. The wall of the inner front of the proscenium is still standing, very lofty, with open arches; serving as part of an out-work of the castle: and beyond it, turning up toward the castle-gate, a portion of the exterior wall of the right wing is visible.

The next object that occurs in surveying Athens, is the hill of the Areopagus; but we must again suspend our progress through those traces of antiquity.

Letters from Italy, describing the Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Paintings, &c. of that Country, in the Years 1770 and 1771. By an English Woman. 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. Dilly.

Concerning the author of these Letters, we are informed in the preface that she made the tour of Italy in company with her husband; and that her correspondent had requested at parting, to be favoured with a circumstantial account of whatever might occur on her travels that was curious or interesting; in the view of comparing her communications with the best modern French or English authors on the same subject. At the desire of that friend the Letters are now published, with little other alteration than the expunging some repetitions, and the suppressing such passages as were merely of a private nature.

The first letter is dated Sept. 20, 1770, at Morges, a town in Switzerland, within a few miles of Geneva; from whence the traveller proceeded by the way of Aix and Chambery to Turin. We meet with the following account of the superb theatre in this capital.

‘As to the theatre, it is strikingly magnificent, and so far superior to any theatre I ever saw before, that at first sight I could not believe it admitted of criticism. Notwithstanding, I am at present convinced of the justness of Cochin’s observations, which are so clear as to render every reader a competent judge of its proportions, &c. if endued with the smallest degree of taste, or the most superficial knowledge in architecture. I could wish with all my heart, to see a theatre at London but half as well built; and would willingly compound for all the faults Cochin may justly discover. The form is that of an egg cut across. There are six rows of boxes; which are narrow in

front, but very convenient within; and hold eight persons with ease. The king’s box is in the second row, and fronts the stage; it is thirty feet wide, Paris measure, and the back part is covered with looking-glass, which reflects the stage, so that those who happen to have their backs turned to the actors, being either conversing, or at play, may see the performance in the glasses. These glasses form a partition, which can be moved whenever they choose to enlarge the box, there being a room behind. The very great breadth of the stage produces a most noble effect. The proscenium measures forty-five Paris feet, (this measurement I took from Cochin) he does not give the extent of the stage behind the coulises: the depth of the stage 105, beyond which they can add a paved court of twenty-four feet. A gentle rising contrived at the sides, by which may be introduced triumphal cars, for great processions, horses, &c. They can also throw a draw-bridge across when the scene requires it, and have a contrivance for letting in water, so as to present a jet d’eau of thirty feet high. Sixty horses at a time have been brought upon the stage, and have manœuvred with ease in representations of battles. The orchestra is so curiously constructed, as, by having a place left underneath, which is concave and semicircular, to augment the sound of the instruments very considerably.’

The lady likewise gives a particular account of the valuable paintings in the royal palace; from which, as well as her description of those in other parts, she seems to possess a considerable share of taste for the productions of that elegant art. She informs us that the punishment of breaking upon the wheel took place at Turin in the year 1770, which had never before been practised in that country.

From Turin the travellers direct their course to Genoa, the theatre at which city is also one of the objects which claims the notice of a stranger.

‘We were last night at the play (for at present there is no opera); the theatre is rather large than small, but not beautiful, either as to architecture or painting. All the boxes below stairs are shut in with *jalousies*, except when the owners choose to shew themselves to the audience; at which time they light them up with wax candles, and the *jalousies* are removed. I think the play we saw meant to be a tragedy, as *Harlequin kills several peo-*

ple on the stage; but it cannot be esteemed an epic poem; for, to the best of my knowledge, there was neither beginning, middle, nor end. This piece of confusion began at seven o'clock, and lasted till eleven. Several pistols were fired to rouse the attention of the audience. There were magicians, devils, constables, fine ladies, robbers, princes, ambassadors, and troops of wooden horses. The audience talked louder than the actors. The ladies turn their backs to the stage, which has an impertinent, ill-bred appearance. There was dancing, and no respite between the acts. It seemed to me, the actors might have continued killing each other till not a man remained alive to speak the epilogue; but I suppose the piece ended from their being, through fatigue, disabled to proceed, or the play might have lasted till now.

Through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, the reader is conducted to Florence, where the noble collection of antiquities and paintings affords ample entertainment for the virtuoso.

Our author presents us likewise with a particular account of the Grotta di Paulippa, Grotta del Cane, the Lake Avernus, with the other natural and artificial curiosities in the vicinity of Naples.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the antiquities at Rome, as the bare enumeration of them might fill the extent of several pages. The lady, however, it must be acknowledged, describes them in a just and lively manner.

In the account of the city of Venice the author mentions the *Casinos*, which are small houses of one or two rooms on a floor, neatly fitted up, but never fine; intended for the reception of small coteries, where the company play at cards, and generally sup together. When it is considered that, besides the regatta, a Venetian entertainment introduced to this metropolis last summer, a house also is lately opened under the title of a *casino*, there seems to be reason for apprehending that the Venetian manners are making some progress among us. How far they are worthy of imitation in the subsequent instance, we submit to the determination of the reader.

The custom of cavalieri serventi prevails universally here: this usage would appear in a proper light, and take off a great part of the odium thrown upon the

Italians, if the cavalieri serventi were called husbands; for the real husband, or beloved friend, of a Venetian lady (often for life) is the cicisbeo. The husband married in church is the choice of her friends, not by any means of the lady. The Venetian ladies have a gay manner of dressing their heads, which becomes them extremely when young, but appears very absurd when age has furrowed over their fine skins, and brought them almost to the ground. I felt a shock at first sight of a tottering old pair I saw enter a coffee-house the other evening; they were both shaking with the palsy, leant upon each other, and supported themselves by a crutch-stick; they were bent almost double by the weight of years and infirmities, yet the lady's head was dressed with great care: a little rose-coloured hat, nicely trimmed with blond, was stuck just above her right ear, and over her left was a small matt of artificial flowers; her few grey hairs behind were tied with ribbon, but so thinly scattered over her forehead, that large patches of her shrivelled skin appeared between the parting curls: the cavalieri was not dressed in the same style, all his elegance consisted in an abundance of wig which flowed upon his shoulders. I enquired who this venerable couple were, and learnt, that the gentleman had been the faithful cavalieri of the same lady above forty years; that they regularly frequented the Place St. Mark, and the coffee-houses, and with the most steady constancy had loved each other, till age and disease were conducting them hand in hand together to the grave.

The letters conclude with the return of the travellers to Turin; and there is subjoined an appendix, printed from an Italian manuscript; containing an interesting account of a bridge, which seems to have been formed by nature; and of some curious fossils in the neighbourhood of Verona.

In the course of these letters the lady corrects several errors and misrepresentations of preceding travellers. She appears to have paid attention to the various objects which merit the particular observation of an inquisitive stranger; and she writes as a person even not unacquainted with the names and productions of some of the most celebrated Roman authors.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

THE COMFORTS OF MATRIMONY.

I Have had four wives, and believe me,
my friend,
I think that my troubles will never have end.

The first I espous'd was a girl of my love,
Who seem'd to be fashion'd like Venus above;
She was tall and genteel, had read Grandison
o'er,

And wrote such a hand as I ne'er saw before;
Could dance like an Opera girl, and cou'd
play

On the spinnet, and rival the nightingale's lay:
She cou'd flourish, and work the tambour to
a hair,

N Nun for mock-flowers with her cou'd
compare;

But all kitchen business was let run to ruin,
She minded not washing, nor baking, nor
brewing.

She dress'd for good company—then for her
hair,

It advanc'd in the van, it fell back in the rear,
It varied like all other things in this world,
It was smooth, it was frizz'd, it was twist'd,
'twas curl'd;

Now with pins it was tight, now it wav'd
with the wind,

It was padded before, it was cushion'd behind.
What my father by thrift, and by industry
sav'd,

She spent—and would whimper as oft as I
sav'd.

One night at a ball, where her utmost she tried,
She caught a great cold, had a fever and died;
She had not the strength of a chicken to bear
The heat of the room and the chill of the air.

As soon as one year had run out, I forgot
This delicate wife; and to beater my lot,
I married another more grave, and more steady,
Who jellies and fauce at a pinch could get
ready;

But she, with a taste and a passion for jaunt-
ing,

For ever to Bath or to Tunbridge was flau-
nting;

Was fond of a chair, took a coach for the play,
And woon'd if the horses were not dapple grey.

At last for religion she had such a notion,
She gave to all beggars who begg'd with de-
votion;

And misconstruing the bible, which better
would teach her,

She sav'd all she could for a Methodist preacher.

When Christmas came round, and the bills
were brought in,
I found myself ruin'd, and scarce worth a pin.
By sipping the creature a drop she got,
She died, and was buried, and then was for-
got.

Before all my mourning wax'd old, I look'd
round,

And soon an old maid to my fancy I found;
One who always exclaim'd against fig'ring
away,

Yet powder'd her hair, as it rather grew grey;
In chests she had hoarded much cloaths and
some plate,

(Tho' the plate was obscur'd, and the cloaths
out of date)

Her boxes contain'd some desirable things,
Old buttons, old seals, old watches, old rings:
Money too she had sav'd, by with-holding
good cheer,

But injur'd her stomach by drinking small
beer.

Thank fortune, I cry'd, here's a wife to my
mind,

Who is prudent and chaste, sentimental and
kind.

To recover the world I shall now soon be able,
I never shall see such profuseness at table:

But mark how the Devil oppos'd all my
schemes!

She was troubl'd with vapours and haunted
with dreams,

She always had wind in her stomach, and took
Such drugs as she saw in a cookery-book;

A doctor was always attending her room,
My bed smelt of ointment, my drawers of per-
fume:

In dozens the phials and gallipots came,
Now the lap-dogs were sick; now the mon-
key was lame.

By ev'ry old woman she would be advis'd,
And sent for each med'cine she saw advertis'd;
But the quacks with their powerful remedie
fill'd her

So much, that, tho' tough as a thong, they
soon kill'd her.

'Till I married again, foolish I had no rest,
So I went to a lady, who liv'd in the West;

Whose ancestors once figur'd much in the
field,

As appear'd by a helmet and rusty old shield;
But time, which all things here below will
decay,

Had fritter'd her rag of a fortune away,
And,

And, weary of serving a fickle relation,
She married—but hardly could brook with my station.

That pride, which her poverty long had kept under,

Broke out, and she rattled like hail, or like thunder,

My family failings she heighten'd, and told,
Should a woman of pedigree e'er be controul'd?

She call'd me a scrub, and took it quite ill,
When I chid her for losing large sums at quadrille:

A general rummage she made of my things, y
My plate was old-fashion'd, old trumpery mirrors,

Yet my house with some things as superfluous was stock'd,

With bargains the Jews, and the jewellers stock'd.

She order'd my furniture all to be sold,
My chairs were too clumsy, the beds were too old;

Such whimsies surpris'd me, till once to her face,

A friend gave a hint 'twas a family case;
That her mother for madness Monro had long tried,

That she languish'd some years, that in Bedlam she died.

Three years in distraction I hurried about,
I swallow'd my spittle, and dar'd not speak out;
Some chapters in Job I perus'd o'er and o'er,
I smil'd when she frown'd, and look'd kind when she swore;

One morning I found, with a cord from the self,

She ventur'd to make a *long* I of herself;
I sent for a doctor, who liv'd at a distance,
To come to my wife, and give all his assistance;

He came—but too late, in a moment he told
That her blood was congeal'd, as her body was cold.

SIMPLETON.

On the LADIES HEAD-DRESSES.

ALAS! alas! how vain are women grown!

Wisdom is fled, and Folly mounts her throne.
All real ornaments are cast aside,
For feathers, affectation, nonsense, pride.
By art run mad, the fair have lost their charms,

And only fools and fops invite them to their arms.

View their unthinking heads' enormous size,

Where rolls of curls in frightful prospect rise,
Crown'd with a tawdry something; and behind

Fantastic flags wave useless in the wind:
See blushing roses on their cheeks appear,
Which frugal nature never planted there.

Can you from laughter, at the sight refrain?
Or, not such monstrous vanity disdain?

Fly, Ladies, from such silly arts as these;
The more you follow them, the less you please:
Fly from such arts, and tread in Virtue's ways,
Where you shall find true honor, bliss and praise:

Fly from such trifles; and adorn your mind
With wisdom, truth and goodness, and
you'll find
That these are ornaments which please mankind,

VERSES occasioned by Mr. GARRICK'S quitting the Stage.

THE dreaded hour is come! the curtain falls!

Garrick departs for ever from these walls:
Oh fatal day! long, long to be deplor'd!
He was indeed our bosom's potent lord:

I saw him go (saw it with heart-felt pain)
With all the Loves and Graces in his train.

Melpomene hung o'er him in deep woe,
And seem'd t'have that within which paffet show.

Thalia now like Niobe appears;
She strove to smile, but smiles were quench'd in tears.

Each Muse, and ev'ry Grace their darling crown,

And struggling, each would claim him for her own;

When lo! the cherub Charity came forth,
And sweet Benevolence, with modest worth;

Each took a hand, and with superior grace
The honour claim'd, to lead him from that place,

Where he so oft had patroniz'd distress,
And felt the godlike luxury—to bless.

And now a sad lamenting voice we hear;
Oh, where is Richard? Where is now old Lear!

Where is young Hamlet?—We have lost Macbeth:

They all have suffer'd now a real death.
Where the gay Ranger? where is Kately gone?

Where's Abel, Felix, Benedick, Don John?
With flowers strew their graves, for they are dead;

Th' informing Soul of all, alas! is fled.—
So mourn'd the Drama's Genius his lov'd Son,

And ev'ry tongue re-echoes to his moan.
Forme, the meanest of the Muses' train;

Forgive me, Garrick, this poor artless strain,
Unworthy my great theme; yet Heaven knows,

From the pure fountain of my heart it flows;
That heart which thy bright virtues long has lov'd,

Admir'd the actor, and the man approv'd:
Long, very long, in thy retirement blest,

With the dear lovely partner of thy breast,
With health and friends enjoy the social hour,

Be blest as you deserve.—Fate can no more.

VERSES

VERSES addressed to Mr. GARRICK on his taking his last Farewell of the Town.

GARRICK—no voice, no powers but
thine can tell

How feelingly you bade the stage farewell!

Oft have I shed the sympathetic tear,
At the sad sufferings of distracted Lear;
But never did my breast such anguish know,
Nor from my eyes such streams of sorrow flow;
As when disdaining all the poet's art,
You spake th' impassion'd language of your
heart;

And even to the last to nature true,
You look'd, sigh'd, left, and wept a kind
adieu!

Crown'd with a wreath of never fading bays,
'Mid the loud shouts of universal praise,
Long may you live!—tho' from the stage retir'd,
Yet not the less belov'd, nor less admir'd:
And when this transient world's gay scenes
are o'er,

When life's dark curtain falls to rise no more,
May your good actions like your acting shine,
And plaudits gain immortal and divine.

A PARALLEL of the greatest FRENCH Dramatic Poet, and the greatest ENGLISH Dramatic Performer.

OF fam'd CORNEILLE the Gallic writers
say,
Weak was the rising, weak the setting ray:
But his *meridian* with such lustre shone,
It's glory has been equal'd yet by none.

GARRICK's first, middle, and departing
rays,
Have glow'd one bright, enchanting and all-
powerful blaze!

Bedford Coffee-House, June 1776. H.

P. S. How much have they to regret, who
never had the happiness of hearing him recite
the Jubilee-Ode to Shakespear's memory;
that foremost of theatrical exertions! What
a pity that it has not been requestingly called
for by the town?

ODE for his MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,
June 4, 1776.

YE Western gales, whose genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath
One verdant livery wears:
You sooth the sultry heats of noon,
And softness to the setting sun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your season, lovely gales,
Thro' æther now your power prevails;
And our dilated breasts shall own
The joys which flow from you alone,

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,
With out-spread wing, and eager eye,

On distant scenes intent,
"Sits expectation in the air,"—
Why do alternate hope and fear
Suspend some great event?

Can Britain fail?—the thought were vain!
The powerful empress of the main
But strives to looth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain'd with blood,

While yet ye winds, your breezy balm
Thro' Nature spreads a general calm,
While yet a pause fell discord knows;
Catch the soft moment of repose,

Your genuine powers exert;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every bosom to be kind,
And humanize the heart.

Propitious gales, O wing your way!
And whilst we hail that rightful sway
Whence temper'd freedom springs,
The bliss we feel to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Being peace upon your wings.

VARIETY: A NEW BALLAD. Sung by
Mrs. Sherborne in Vauxhall Gardens. The
Music composed by Mr. Bates.

ASK you who is singing here,
Who so blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of Joy and Glee,
And my name's *Variety*.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place;
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Such am I, *Variety*.

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and every where;
Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing's like *Variety*.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
Roving love but breaks the rest;
One good heart's enough for me,
Though my name's *Variety*.

Crowded scenes, and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve;
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, *Variety*.

ON L Y C E.

THE Virgin mild, in youthful bloom ar-
ray'd,
Of virtue eager, and of vice afraid,
Within whose bosom Virtue finds a spring,
Thro' life is chaste;—tis not of her I sing.
But how Despair the chastest soul transforms,
And spite of years the frozen vessel warms,

How

How when soft Love the wrinkled visage flies,
The curious passion off his place supplies,
And hate of ignorance, tho' spirits fail,
Will oft o'er ag'd Virginitie prevail,
Is now my theme.—*Venus!* if e'er I've sung,
In notes enraptur'd, of the fair and young,
Haste to the Mount, old Lyce there accuse,
And weedele Phœbus to fend down a muse,
Lyce to sing, in youth renowned chaste,
Who now grown old, begins to peep and taste.
O Lyce! Lyce! where will folly end?
Hear laughing echoes ev'ry mansion rend,—
Why laugh they thus, you cry, with merry
noise?

Because they see the gum that edge thy eyes,
The batter that thy clammy teeth bespread;
And view the blossom'd almond on thy head;
The ruddy beef that joins thy bony neck,
And rabbit hairs that thy black chin bedeck;
'Tis that, my Lyce, my tough Lyce now,
(With whom I scruple to compare a fow)
Should after fifty years despoing man,
Grow curious, love-sick, and e'en sigh for
one.

"Give me, ye Gods, cry'd Lyce, but to
"know

"The joys you doom from sprightly man to
"flow,

"And I shall still be young:—*Cupid* to thee,

"Love's God! I bend, tho' late, the fervent
"knee;

"Grant me to taste those joys unknown thro'
"pride,

"Which Pleasure's scar-crow, Virtue has
"deny'd:

"Virtue! ah, no! 'twas Custom rear'd her
"head,

"And scar'd me, longing, from the genial
"bed:

"But, oh! forget my youth, my age delight,
"And make me mistress of thy social rite!"—

Thus Lyce pray'd, and from her knee she got—
"O heaven's! she cries, already am I shot,

"My blood grows warm!—pulse beats!—
"quick throbs my heart!

"And now my youth revives! Oh! pow'rful
"dart!"

Deceiv'd old girl!—What will not Fanny
"do?

That thus unaided can our youth renew?

Unhelp'd, for Cupid, better far engag'd,

With Chloe's heart the tender conflict wag'd,

Nor heard the pray'r thy frothy lips had made,

Or, if he heard, from thy soul breath had fled;

But Fanny, Lyce, Fanny oft supplies,

With equal ardour, what the fact denies.

Go, young *old woman!* wanton without fire,

Go seek a man; and on his breast expire;

But where thou'lt find him, girl! 'tis hard to
tell:

If Chloe's heaven, Lyce must be hell!

She now looks round, sighs there, but fixes
here,

Where a repulse old Lyce least could fear:

He yields: but now, alas! her spirits fail:

It was not Love, oh, Lyce! made thee frail!

Curious with man to play some social game,
See! catching Robins * gratifies thy flame!—

ROBERT REDBREAST.

* I remember the story of an old maiden lady,
who being caught in bed with a man, pretended
they were looking for a robin redbreast that had
flown under the bed.

AN EPISTLE

To whom it may concern.

CLARINDA, the love that I bear you,
Though my tongue is with-held
from declaring;

Yet my eyes tell how much I revere you,
Without protestation or swearing.

The chief aim of all my ambition,
Has long been to gain you esteem;
Thus honour'd, I'd not change condition
With nobility's highest esteem.

I value not grandeur nor station,
Clarinda, would you but approve;
They would only bear this valuation,
To recompence you for your love.

Though my fortune alas! is but slender,
And though riches are not to be slighted;
Yet a heart that is honest and tender,
Is but seldom with riches united:

Still less in an age such as this is,
When the risk is sufficient to fright you;
Ranting, drinking, and gaming and misses,
All, or any would scarcely delight you!

Consult but your own sense and knowledge,
gay, where should your choice be directed?
In the court, or the camp, or the college,
The wife is the first thing neglected.

To found my own praise would be idle,
I wish to convince, not divert you;
Want of means serv'd at first for a bride,
Reflection attach'd me to virtue,

Could you 'bate some few items of splendor,
I would study their loss to supply;
A lover respectful and tender,
Dear girl, I would prove 'till I die.

Soft whispers alone should discover,
What in public I'm forc'd to reveal;
Letters patent but ill suit a lover,
Who aspires to be under a seal.

Oh keep me not thus at a distance,
Your favour I'll never abuse;
Grant a few crumbs of hope for subsistence,
And my conduct shall bend to your views.

Can a man wish for nobler employment,
Than to serve merit, sense, wit and beauty?
I conceive no sublimer enjoyment,
And sigh to convert it to duty.

Words but faintly convey my impressions,
And flattery, I trust, you despise;
Away then with empty professions,
I will all—more than all, realize.

The

The ADDRESS to the Town, usually spoken by Mr. GARRICK, by Way of Epilogue, on the Night of Performance for the Benefit of the Theatrical Fund.

I Who am now a veteran of the stage,
And counsel for infirmity and age
Must for the vet'ran's cause some pity find,
A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind!
Might we but hope—your zeal wou'd not be
less,

Your gen'rous aid, to patronize distress:
That hope obtained, the wish'd-for end se-
cures,

To soothe *their* cares,—who oft have lightened
yours.

Show'd the great heroes of celestial line,
Who *here* have drank their Greek and Roman
wine,

Cæsar, Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay Jove himself!—who *here* hath quaff'd
his nectar,

Shall they who *governed* fortune, cringe and
court her,

Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Bellisarius, tax the pitying street
With, “*date obolo*” to all they meet?

Shan't I—who have murdered many a score,
Slabb'd many—poisoned some—beheaded
more;

Who numbers slew on *this embattled plain*.
Shan't I—the *slayer*—help to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with pitying eye I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew!
I must—I will—the gen'rous project seize,
That those too old to die, may live with ease,
Suppose the babes I murdered in the tower,
By chance or fate shou'd lose their acting
power,

Shall they, *once* princes, and by flatterers
serv'd,

In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd
starve?

Matrons half ravish'd, for *your recreation*,
In age shou'd never want—*some consolation*.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold—O horrible!—my Father's ghost,
With grizzled beard, pale looks, stalk up and
down,

And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown!
Forbid it Ladies!—Gentlemen forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let them say—you did it.
To you, ye gods, * I make my last appeal,
You have a right to judge as well as feel,
Will your *HIGH* wisdoms to our suit incline,
That kings and heroes, gods and ghosts
shou'd dine?

Olympus shakes! that omen all secures,
May every joy you give be tenfold *yours*.

* *Address'd* g himself to the Upper Gallery.

The following humorous BALLAD was distributed by a Maſque in the Character of a Poetical Gardener at the laſt Maſquerade at Ranelagh.

A Gardener I come to this gay Maſque-
rade,
Nor like you waſte my time, but am minding
my trade.

I fancy my garden is now in my view—
Painted ladies in plenty, and coxcombs not
few;

Each tint with which nature bedecks my
gay bed:—

But here art takes the lead, and beſtows white
and red;

Yet, for aiming at more than is fairly her due,
Her admirers from me ſhall have nothing but
rue.

My lillies, my roſes, dare hither repair,
The roſe keeps its crimſon, the lilly ſtill fair;
But let beauty not paint, drop each maſk, liſt
each veil,

Then bluſh will my lillies, my roſes turn pale;
So take them, ye belles! and believe, for I
know

A gardener can pleaſe you as well as a beau.

My laurels I cropt to bring hither to you,
For to conqueſt the laurel has ever been due;
But I'm ſure you'll forgive, when you know
where they're ſown—

To *Quebec* are they ſail'd—to brave Carleton
are gone.

But return will my laurel, as freſh as it fled,
For it thrives always moſt on an Engliſhman's
head;

There plac'd, we all know, in each climate
it grows:

Then ſuccesſ to *Old England*, and death to its
foes!

THE LAMENTATION.

BE ye my ſighs with care ſuppreſt,
And you my tears forbear to flow;
Be huſh'd, nor rankling in my breaſt,
Nor burſting, ſpeak my inward woe,

Sole confidant of all my pain,
Sad echo of th' adjacent grove;
No more repeat, whiſt I complain,
And there, alas, lamenting rove.

Thou too, my heart, to heave forbear,
And ſilently thy ſorrows feed;
Let none perceive thy ſecret care,
And that thou'rt ever doom'd to bleed.

But, oh! of eaſe a dawn no more
Indulge, or hope again to ſee;
For griefs like thoſe I now deplore,
Death only with his dart can heal.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURENCES.

Madrid, May 23.

THE Courier sent by our Court to Lisbon, to demand full satisfaction for the hostilities committed, and still committing by the subjects of his Faithful Majesty in America, is not yet returned; in the mean time the régiments garrisoned at Carthagena, are ordered to march to Ciudad Rodrigo, on the frontiers of Portugal; and a small Squadron, commanded by the Duke of Charters, is expected here from France.

Bayonne, March 4. Accounts from Cadiz mention, that two men of war are fitting out at Carthagena, four at Ferrol, and eight at Cadiz, besides six frigates; but the destination of this fleet remains a mystery, which gives rise to many conjectures; six régiments are on their march for Estremadura. Some say, that all these preparations are destined for the camp of St. Roch, but this wants confirmation.

Madrid, April 29. We learn from Cadiz, that there are in that port six men of war of the line, three frigates, and three smaller vessels, which form a Squadron intended for some secret expedition, the command of which is to be given to Don Miguel Gaston Marin, whose knowledge and integrity the King has a high opinion of.

Rome, May 8. The Pope has presented the Duchefs of Gloucester with an antiquity, as well on account of the beauty of the stone, as the excellency on the engraving.

Paris, May 12. The day after Mr. Turgot retired, the King issued an edict, which permits a free trade in wines all over the kingdom, and gives leave to export them from all ports, notwithstanding any particular or local privileges to the contrary, which his Majesty hereby suppresses.

Versailles, May 12. This morning, at ten o'clock, Mr. Bertin went to Mr. Turgot, to demand his portfeuille; and Mr. de Clugny, Intendant of Bourdeaux, at which place he is at present, is appointed

Comptroller General; Mr. Amelot, Intendant of the Finances is appointed Secretary of State in the place of Mr. de Malesherbes, who has resigned.

Hague, May 18. Letters from Hanover, dated the 14th, advise, that some change had been made with respect to the marching of the latter divisions of the Hessian and Brunswick troops; that the former were to march with the regiment of Waldeck the 16th, to be followed by the other the 15th, and were to proceed to Ritzebuttel, where the embarkation could be better effected than in the Elbe and Weser at this season, in which rivers, at this time of year, there is sometimes want of a sufficient quantity of water, which might retard their departure. They are still waiting for the transports to convey them.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, March 16.

"A sea captain arrived in one of the last vessels from St. Pierre's, Martinico, says, that the French in that island speak highly in favour of the colonies; and several principal persons informed him, "that they only waited for us to declare independency; to attack the English islands with their whole force, which is much greater than has yet been reported here.

"The American war has produced one contract, which perhaps is unexampled in this country; this is for wooden bowls for the use of the soldiers, of a size to hold a mess proper for four men. These are made in Berkshire, and on Sunday the first waggon load was brought to town. "It should seem (says a correspondent) by this contract that the Ministry expect the troops to be cooped up in the port towns of America, for these bowls are too large for the soldiers to carry in their knapsacks."

Tuesday arrived a mail from New-York, brought by the Swallow packet, Capt. Copeland. She sailed from New-

N n

York

York the 10th of April, and performed her passage in 23 days to Falmouth.

From the NEW-YORK GAZETTE.

Extract of a letter from Colonel Richard Caswell, late a delegate for the province of North Carolina in the Continental Congress, and now commander of a body of troops in that province, to the Hon. Cornelius Harnett, Esq; President of the Provincial Council of North Carolina, dated from his Camp at Long Creek, Feb. 29, 1776.

Sir, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that we had an engagement with the Tories, at Widow Moore's Creek-Bridge, on the 27th current. Our army was about 1000 strong, consisting of the Newbern battalion of minutemen, the militia from Craven, Johnston, Dobbs and Wake, and a detachment of the Wilmington battalion of minutemen, which we found encamped at Moore's Creek the night before the battle, under the command of Col. Lillington.

The Tories, by common report, were 3000, but General M'Donald, whom we have a prisoner, says, there were about 1500 or 1600: he was unwell that day, and not in battle. Capt. M'Cleod, who seemed to be the principal commander, with Capt. John Campbell, are amongst the slain. The number killed and mortally wounded, from the best accounts I was able to collect, was about 30, most of them were shot in passing the bridge, several had fallen into the water, some of whom I am pretty certain, had not risen yesterday evening, when I left the camp: such prisoners as we have made, say there were at least 50 of their men missing.

The Tories were totally put to the rout, and will certainly disperse. Col. Moore arrived at our camp a few hours after the engagement was over; his troops came up that evening, and are now encamped on the ground where the battle was fought; and Col. Martin is at or near Cross Creek, with a large body of men; those, I presume, will be sufficient effectually to put a stop to any attempt to embody them again. I therefore, with Col. Moore's consent, am returning to Newbern with the troops under my command, where I hope to receive your orders to dismiss them. There I intend carrying the General. If the Council should rise before my arrival, be pleased to give order in what manner he shall be disposed of. Our officers and men behaved with the spirit

and intrepidity becoming freemen, contending for their dearest privileges.

By the Albany post, we are informed, that letters had just come to hand in Albany, informing, that Governor Carleton, one morning, had shot seventeen of his men for refusing to fight; that the few forces under his command, as well as the people in general in Quebec, were much divided; that our forces amounted to 5700 men, and many on their march, which, when joined, would augment our army to upwards of 6000; and that our troops were to storm the city the 20th of March.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.

In CONGRESS, March 23, 1776.

WHEREAS the petitions of these united Colonies to the King, for the redress of great and manifest grievances, have not only been rejected, but treated with scorn and contempt; and the opposition to designs evidently formed to reduce them to a state of servile subjection, and their necessary defence against hostile forces actually employed to subdue them, declared rebellion. And whereas an unjust war has been commenced against them, which the commanders of the British fleets and armies have prosecuted and still continue to prosecute with their utmost vigour; and in a cruel manner wasting, spoiling and destroying the country, burning houses and defenceless towns, and exposing the helpless inhabitants to every misery from the inclemency of the winter; and not only urging savages to invade the country, but instigating negroes to murder their masters. And whereas the Parliament of Great Britain hath lately passed an act, affirming these colonies to be in open rebellion; forbidding all trade and commerce with the inhabitants thereof, until they shall accept pardons and submit to despotic rule; declaring their property, wherever found upon the water, liable to seizure and confiscation: and enacting that what had been done there, by virtue of the royal authority were just and lawful acts, and shall be so deemed: from all which it is manifest, that the iniquitous scheme, concerted to deprive them of the liberty they have a right to by the laws of nature and the English constitution, will be pertinaciously pursued. It being therefore necessary to provide for their defence and security, and justifiable to make reprisals upon their enemies, and otherwise to annoy them,

according

according to the laws and usages of nations; the Congress, trusting that such of their friends in Great Britain (of whom it is confessed there are many intitled to applause and gratitude for their patriotism and benevolence, and in whose favour a discrimination of property cannot be made) as shall suffer by captures, will impute it to the author of our common calamities, do declare and resolve as followeth; to wit.

Resolved, that the inhabitants of these colonies be permitted to fit out armed vessels to cruise on the enemies of these united colonies.

Resolved, that all ships and other vessels, their tackle, apparel, and furniture, and all goods, wares, and merchandizes, belonging to any inhabitant or inhabitants of Great Britain, taken on the high seas, or between high and low water mark, by any armed vessel fitted out by any private person or persons, and to whom commissions shall be granted, and being libelled and prosecuted in any Court erected for the trial of maritime affairs in any of these colonies, shall be deemed and adjudged to be lawful prize, and after deducting and paying the wages of the seamen and mariners, on board of such captures as are merchant ships and vessels, shall be entitled to according to the terms of their contracts until the time of the adjudication, shall be condemned to and for the use of the owner or owners, and the officers, marines and mariners of such armed vessel according to such rules and proportions as they shall agree on. Provided always, that this resolution shall not extend, or be construed to extend to any vessel bringing settlers, arms, ammunition, or warlike stores, to and for the use of these colonies, or any of the inhabitants thereof, who are friends to the American cause, or to such warlike stores, or to the effects of such settlers.

Resolved, that all ships or vessels, with their tackle, apparel, and furniture, goods, wares, and merchandizes, belonging to any inhabitant of Great Britain, as aforesaid, which shall be taken by any vessels of war of these united Colonies, shall be deemed forfeited, one third, after deducting and paying the wages of seamen and mariners, as aforesaid, to the officers and men on board, and two thirds to the use of the united Colonies.

Resolved, That all ships or vessels, with their tackle, apparel, furniture, goods, wares, and merchandizes, belonging to

any inhabitant of Great Britain, as aforesaid, which shall be taken by any vessels of war fitted out by and at the expence of any of the united Colonies, shall be deemed forfeited and divided, after deducting and paying the wages of seamen and mariners, as aforesaid, in such manner and proportion as the assembly or convention of such colony shall direct.

Resolved, That all vessels, their tackle, apparel, and furniture, and cargoes belonging to inhabitants of Great Britain, as aforesaid, and all vessels which may be employed in carrying supplies to the ministerial armies, which shall happen to be taken near the shores of any of these colonies, by the people of the country or detachments from the army, shall be deemed lawful prize, and the Court of Admiralty within the said colony is required, on condemnation thereof, to adjudge, that all charges and expences which may attend the capture and trial be first paid out of the monies arising from the sales of the prize, and the remainder equally divided among all those who shall have been actually engaged and employed in taking the said prize: Provided, That where any detachments of the army shall have been employed as aforesaid, their part of the prize-money shall be distributed among them in proportion to the pay off the officers and soldiers so employed.

Extract from the minutes,

C. THOMSON, Secretary.

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, June 10. This morning Major Caldwell, Lieutenant Col. Commandant of the British militia in Canada, arrived from Quebec in his Majesty's sloop Hunter, by whom was received the following letter from General Carleton to Lord George Germain, together with the copy of a letter from General Carleton to General Howe.

My Lord, Quebec, May 14, 1776.

After this town had been closely invested by the rebels for five month, and defeated all their attempts, the Surrize frigate, Isis, and sloop Martin came into the Baion the 6th instant.

As soon as that part of the 29th they had on board with their marines, in all about two hundred, were landed, they, with the greatest part of the garrison, by this time much improved, and in high spirits, marched out of the ports of St. Louis and St. John's to see what those mighty

mighty hoasters were about; they were found very busy in their preparations for a retreat; a few shots being exchanged, the line marched forward, and the plains were soon cleared of those plunderers; all their artillery, military stores, scaling ladders, petards, &c. &c. were abandoned: the *Surprize*, *Martain*, and a province armed vessel, went up the river, when they also quitted the *Gaspe* and the armed schooner *Mary*; the rear of the rebels have halted at *Dechambault*, and the *Surprize*, with the other two vessels, are a little upon this side of the Falls of *Richlieu*.

This ended our siege and blockade; during which the mixed garrison of soldiers, sailors, British and Canadian militia, with the artificers from *Halifax* and *Newfoundland*, shewed great zeal and patience, under very severe duty, and uncommon vigilance indispensable in a place liable to be stormed, besides great labour necessary to render such attempts less practicable.

Notwithstanding the inclement season they preserved good health, and their spirits increased every day. A copy of my letter to Gen. *Howe* will inform your Lordship of our situation to the defeat of the rebels upon the 31st of December.

For three months after they confined their operations to the preventing all supplies from coming to town, and in burning our suburbs and shipping; the latter have almost all escaped, but the greatest part of the suburbs of *St. Roque* and *St. John* have been burnt; the remainder was brought into town for fuel, which was much wanted.

The beginning of February the rebels again attempted to enter into a correspondence by a flag of truce, encouraged to it, I suppose; by a permission granted for the prisoners baggage to enter the town; but as they were told immediately to withdraw, unless they came to implore the King's mercy, they have not since returned.

March the 25th, the advance guard of a party, raised by Mr. *Beaujeu* to relieve the town, was defeated; the rest dispersed. The 31st it was discovered that the rebel prisoners had formed a plot to escape, to seize the guard of *St. John's Gate*, and let in Mr. *Arnold*; which was effectually disappointed.

The 4th of April, the rebels opened a battery of four guns and one howitzer from the opposite side of the river *St.*

Laurence; and the 22d another of two guns and one howitzer from the opposite side of the river *St. Charles*: These were also intended to burn the town and shipping. From both they fired red hot balls. The 23d they attempted throwing some shells into the town from a battery on the Heights opposite to *Port St. Louis*: All these batteries were much damaged by our artillery.

May the 3d, about ten at night, a fire-ship attempted to run into the *Cul-de-Sac*, where the greatest part of our shipping were laid up; but this also proved abortive, and she burned to the water's edge, without doing us the least injury; it is supposed they intended a general assault, had they succeeded in setting fire to the ships and Lower Town.

I cannot conclude this letter without doing justice to Lieutenant-Colonel *Maclean*, who has been indefatigably zealous in the King's service, and to his regiment, wherein he has collected a number of experienced good Officers, who have been very useful. Colonel *Hamilton*, who commanded the battalion of seamen, his Officers, and men, discharged their duty with great alacrity and spirit. The same thing must be acknowledged of the masters, inferior officers, and seamen belonging to his Majesty's transports, and merchant men detained here last fall; only one seaman deserted the whole time. The militia, British and Canadian, behaved with a steadiness and resolution that could hardly have been expected from men unused to arms. Judges, and other Officers of Government, as well as merchants, cheerfully submitted to every inconvenience, to preserve the town; the whole indeed upon the occasion shewed a spirit and perseverance that do them great honour.

The 47th from *Halifax*, and the greatest part of the 29th, are since arrived.

Major *Caldwell*, who commanded the British militia all winter, as Lieutenant Colonel Commandant, and is bearer of these dispatches to your Lordship, has proved himself a faithful subject of his Majesty, and an active diligent officer. He, and indeed almost every loyal subject, are very considerable sufferers by the present hostile invasion.

I am, &c.

GUY CARLETON.

Copy

Copy of a letter from General Carleton to General Howe, dated Quebec, Jan. 12, 1776.

SIR,

"The 5th of December Mr. Montgomery took post at St. Croix, within less than two miles of Quebec, with some field artillery; his heavy cannon were landed at Caprouge; at the same time Arnold's party took possession of the other avenues leading to the town, and prevented all communication with the country. — The 7th a woman stole into town with letters addressed to the principal merchants, advising them to an immediate submission, and promising great indulgence in case of their compliance. Inclosed was a letter to me in very extraordinary language, and a summons to deliver up the town; the messenger was sent to prison for a few days, and drummed out.

To give more efficacy to these letters, five small mortars were brought to St. Rock's, and a battery of five cannon and one howitzer raised upon the heights within about seven hundred yards of the walls. Soon after Arnold appeared with a white flag, said he had a letter for me, but was refused admittance, and was ordered to carry back the letter.

After every preparatory stratagem had been used to intimidate our wretched garrison, as Mr. Montgomery was pleased to call it, an assault was given the 31st of December, between four and five in the morning, during the snow storm from the North East. The alarm was general: from the side of the river St. Laurence, along the fortified front, round to the Basin, every part seemed equally threatened. Two real attacks took place upon the Lower Town: one under Cape Diamond, led by Mr. Montgomery; the other by Mr. Arnold, upon the part called the Saut au Matelot. This at first met with some success, but in the end was stopped. A sally from the Upper Town under Capt. Laws attacked their rear, and sent in many prisoners: Capt. McDougal afterwards reinforced this party, and followed the rebels into the post they had taken. Thus Mr. Arnold's corps, himself and a few others excepted, who were wounded and carried off early, were completely ruined. They were caught as it were in a trap; we brought in their five mortars and one cannon. The other attack was soon repulsed with slaughter.

Mr. Montgomery was left among the dead. The rebels have had on this assault between six and seven hundred men, between 40 and 50 officers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. We had only one Lieut. of the navy, doing duty as a Captain in the garrison, and four rank and file, killed, and thirteen rank and file wounded; two of the latter are since dead.

You will be pleased to transmit a copy of my letter to the Secretary of State, by the first opportunity, for his Majesty's information, &c.

G. C.

May 27. Benjamin Harley and Thomas Henman were carried from Newgate and executed at Tyburn, for the murder of Joseph Pearson, a Customhouse-Officer, at Deptford; they both behaved with great decency, acknowledging the justice of their sentence. These unhappy men were hired at half a crown each to give the Customhouse officers a drubbing, which ended in murder. Their bodies were carried to Surgeons-Hall for dissection.

June 7. The noted William Claxton, George Todd, and John McCow, were apprehended at a house in Holborn, on suspicion of having committed divers burglaries. On searching them, a great number of keys, pick-locks, and other instruments for house-breaking, were found upon them. They were carried before the sitting Magistrates, at the Rotation-office, in Litchfield-street, who committed them to separate jails, for re-examination.

15. A letter from an officer of a man of war in Halifax harbour, May 7, says, "My last was from Nantasket Road, on our leaving Boston: — Our voyage hither was the most disagreeable I ever had, as we were a month from leaving the Road to our arrival in this harbour, which is one of the finest perhaps in the world. The wind was for the most part against us, but the fogs that prevailed on this coast were our greatest hindrance. Sometimes we were just off the harbour's mouth, when the fogs came on; then immediately about ship, and stand to sea, perhaps not able to see the ship's length, so that we were obliged to ring the bell, and keep a noise, to prevent any of the fleet falling foul of us; at length we got into the harbour, all except about four sail, who have come in since, and considering every thing, I think it is a miracle we have heard of no loss.

"A great

"A great many of the troops were immediately disembarked, who have begun to repair and fortify the works, and put them in the best posture. They tell me the fogs here last two thirds of the year. We are tolerably well off, having had fresh beef sent on board us since we arrived, though they tell me it is very scarce to what it used to be."

We hear from Cammarthen, that a person who kept an inn there, having received a box to send to London by the coach, in which was inclosed near 2600*l.* of light gold, though delivered as common goods, and paid for accordingly, broke open the box, took out the cash, repacked the box, and sent it off; and the robbery not being discovered till it was delivered in London, the man had time enough to make off with the money.

Wednesday as John Reeves, a lad about 14 years of age, was playing with other boys, his school-fellows, in a lighter at Queenhithe, in which some timber was craning out, of a sudden a piece of timber turned about as it was raising, and the end striking the lad on the temples, killed him on the spot.

The following (says the York Courant) is an original letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain corporation:

DEAR SIR, On munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother the old *Mare*, and the rest of the bench. I am, Sir, &c.

ANSWER by a *Wag*, into whose hands it fell.

SIR, In obedience to your order, have sent per coach two bushels of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added some bran to make a mash.

On Friday some thieves broke into the shop of Mrs. Redford, milliner, in Cross-street, Ratcliff-highway, and carried off the greatest part of the stock in trade; after which they set fire to the shop, which was discovered time enough to prevent its doing great damage.

19. The five capital convicts, viz. Daniel Greenwood, for stealing 120 guineas in the house of Robert Whitehead; Wm. Miles, for robbing James Lake of a silver watch, two coats, &c. John Jones, for a burglary in the house of Robert Reynolds, and stealing cash and notes to the value of 200*l.* a watch, &c. Christopher Saunders, for bestiality; and Robert Street,

for high treason, in having in his possession a dye, on which was impressed the resemblance of a sixpence, were executed at Tyburn, pursuant to their sentence.—Street was drawn on a sledge.

ASPEECH of the CHIEFS and WARRIORS of the ONEIDA TRIBE of INDIANS to the four New-England provinces, directed immediately to Governor Trumbull, and by him to be communicated.

"As my younger brothers the New-England Indians who have settled in our vicinity, are now going to visit their friends, and to move up part of their families that are left behind, with this belt by them: I open the road wide, clearing it of all obstacles, that they may visit their friends, and return to their settlements here in peace.

"We Oneidas are induced to this measure on account of the disagreeable situation of affairs that way, and we hope, by the help of God, they may go and return in peace. We earnestly recommend them to your charity through their long journey. Now we directly address you, our brother the Governor and the Chiefs of New-England. Brothers, we have heard of the unhappy differences, and great contention betwixt you and Old England, we wonder greatly, and are troubled in our minds: Brothers, possess your minds in peace respecting us Indians; we cannot intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers, the quarrel seems unnatural; you are two brothers of one blood; we are unwilling to join on either side in such a contest, for we bear an equal affection to both to you, Old England and New. Should the great King of England apply to us for aid, we shall decline him; if the Colonies apply, we still refuse. The present situation of you two brothers is new and strange to us. We Indians cannot recollect, in the tradition of our ancestors, the like case, or similar instance.

"Brothers, for these reasons, possess your minds in peace, and take no umbrage that we Indians refuse joining in the contest; we are for peace, brothers. Was it a foreign nation who had struck you, we should look into the matter. We hope through the wise government and good pleasure of God, your distresses may soon be relieved, and the dark cloud be dispersed.

"Brothers, as we have declared for peace, we would desire you not to apply to our Indian brethren in New England for their assistance. Let us Indians be all

of one mind, and live in peace with one another; and you white people settle your disputes betwixt yourselves. Brothers, we have now declared our mind; please to write us, that we may know yours.

"We Sachems, warriors, and female governesses of Oneida, send our love to your brother governor, and all the other Chiefs in New England."

Interpreted by Samuel Kirkland, Missionary. Signed by Thomas Yaghtanawwa,

Adam Ohoneorano, and ten other chiefs and warriors of the Oneida nations.

24. On Monday as a foreigner, with two ladies, were riding through Bushypark, a large flock of deer ran past, which occasioned the horse to take fright, by which means the chaise was thrown over, and the ladies both flung to a great distance from the chaise, and the gentleman had his shoulder dislocated: the horse ran with such fury that the chaise was broke all to pieces.

Same evening as Lady Dartmouth's chairman was coming from Parson's-green to Little Chelsea, he was met by five villains, who robbed him, and afterwards beat him in a cruel manner. He has kept his bed ever since, and his recovery is doubtful.

25. Upwards of 500 wt. of tea was found this day, by some Custom-house officers in Hangingwood, near Woolwich, which had been carried there by some smugglers till an opportunity suited to carry it off.

26. A tradesman at London-wall appeared before the Aldermen Plumbe and Wooldridge at Guildhall, to answer the complaint of his apprentice, for neglecting to instruct him in his business, and not providing him with necessaries. It came out in the hearing, that the master had even pawned some of the boy's cloaths. Upon the whole, the complaint was very clearly proved, and the boy's situation appeared to have been truly pitiable. The Alderman adjudged that he should be discharged from his apprenticeship, an order was accordingly signed by them.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Robert Stewart, tea dealer, in Gracechurch-street, to the Widow Kirkbride.

Cul. Edmondess, of the foot guards, to Mrs. Kelly, of Queen-street, Westminster.

Mr. Tho. Lee, of Tottenham, builder, to Miss Strangways, of that Place.

Mr. Critchet, of Chancery-lane, to Mrs. Billingsley, of Southampton Buildings.

Richard Drury, Esq. of the fifty-ninth regiment of foot, to Miss Vandepot, eldest daughter of Sir George Vandepot, Bart.

Theophilus Bailey, Esq. of Walthamstow, in Essex, to Miss Juliana Simpson, of St. George's in the East.

Mr. John Williamson, jun. timber merchant, in Wapping, to Miss Sarah Wimpenny, in Church-lane, White-chapel.

Mr. Benjamin Bennet, coal merchant, at the Bank Side, to Miss Hudson, of the Borough.

Mr. Trotter, glass cutter, to Miss Cubit, both of the Strand.

DEATHS.

At Lestvich, Cheshire, Tho. Rarescroft, Esq.

In Kennington Road, Mr. Josiah Twindell, many years Supervisor to the South Sea Company.

Mr. John Green, farmer, at Eltham, in Kent.

At Glasgow, aged 105, James Young: In Church-Row, Old-street, Mr. Ward, watch-maker; he dropt down dead in his shop.

In St. Martin's le Grand, Mr. Crouch, taylor, and butler to several city companies.

In Leadenhall-street, Mr. Richard Barrymore, West India merchant.

At Tunbridge, in Kent, Mrs. Towers, relict of the late Rev. Mr. Towers of that place.

At Shafton, in the county of Dorset, aged 73, Mr. Walter Barnes, surgeon.

In Ireland, Mrs. Ankettel relict of William Ankettel, Esq. of Ankettel's Grove, in Ireland, and sister to the Earl of Bellamont.

At Kill James, near Thomas Town, in Ireland, Martha Jackson, aged 127; she retained her senses to the last.

At Bath, Lewis Clutterbuck, Esq. Attorney, and Town Clerk of that city.

At Sheffield, in his 90th year, Thomas Tifton, Esq. formerly in the hardware business.

In Charges-street, Edward Jekyll, Esq. one of the oldest Captains in the Navy.

James Gascoyne, Esq. of Kensington-square; he came to the Axe-lane, Aldermadbury,

manbury, in a single horse chaise, sat down in the yard, and expired immediately.

In Montague Close, Southwark, Mr. Robert Hankins, coal merchant.

In White-chapel, Mr. Luke Alder, oil and colourman.

In Bartholomew's hospital, Mr. Jones, carpenter, in Long Acre, of the hurt he received by a fall in Poppin's Court.

In Mark-lane, Mr. Iony, tallow-shandler.

BANKRUPTS.

From May 28, to June 1.

John Sink, of Ockham Mills, in Surry, miller.

Richard Snagg, of Fleet-street, book-seller.

William Bispham, of Liverpool, hatter.

Robert Hamilton, of Leeds, in York-shire, merchant.

From June 1, to June 4.

George Gairdner, of Chandos-street, brazier and ironmonger.

Daniel Ayrey, of Barnaby-street, distiller.

William Worthington, late of Nottingham, but now of Newark-upon-Trent, hofier.

From June 4, to June 8.

John Dupy, of St. Clement Danes, wine-merchant.

George Allen, of Pafter-noster-Row, book-seller.

Joseph Adams, of Birmingham, gunsmith.

From June 8, to June 11.

John Mease, of Ratcliffe-Crofs, St. Dunstan, Stepney, man's mercer.

Thomas Ward, of Guildford, in Surry, coal-merchant.

William Payne, of the Liberty of the Rolls, carpenter.

John Hamer, of Littlewood-Crofs, in the parish of Bury, in Lancashire, baize-maker.

From June 11, to June 15.

William Skinner, of Tavistock, in the county of Devon, ironmonger.

John Morgan, of the town of Caerlton, Monmouth, maltster, shopkeeper.

Thomas Robinson, of the city of Chester, merchant.

John Radenhurst, late of Dulgun Forge, in the parish of Dolegelly, Merionethshire, North Wales, iron master, but now of the parish of Hefwell in the county of Chester, merchant.

Thomas Hearn, of Rotherhithe in the county of Surry, warehousenian.

John Ryland, of the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate, London, print-seller.

Edmund Pittman, of Odiham, in the County of Southampton, money scrivener.

Thomas Smart, of Haddleigh, in the county of Suffolk, innholder.

From June 15, to June 18.

William Bowler, late of the parish of Horstead, Suffex.

Joseph Collins, of Monmouth, in the county of Monmouth, Tallow, Chandler.

From June 18, to June 22.

Samuel Smith, late of Darking, in Surry, upholder.

Edward Barlow, of Savage Gardens, Tower Hill, wine merchant.

Adam Wright, William Wright and Adam Barnard Wright, of St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, distillers.

Francis Sinclair, late of Liverpool, joiner.

Gabriel Cox, of Snow's Fields, carpenter.

James Finch, of Holborn, Cabinet-maker.

Stephen Miles, senior, of the borough of Kidderminster, goldsmith.

Thomas Chancellor, late of Bridwell Precinct, London, dealer and chapman.

William Ballantine, of Thames-street, merchant.

June 22, to June 25.

John Daniel Salomon, of Great Grafton-street, dealer in brandies.

Joseph Agus, the elder and Joseph Agus, the younger, of Market-street, St. James's Westminster, merchants.

Richard Richards, of the town of Caerleon, Monmouth, maltster.

Richard Botfield, of Bridgnorth, in the county of Salop, joiner.

Robert Williams, of the city of Bristol, maltster and brewer.

John Bennet and John Beedall of Orange-street, Red-Lion square, silver-smiths.